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Women are the Devil

By DOREEN K. PUCKRIDGE

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N.S.W. SOUTH WALES

RICHARD FERNEY, junior, drew out his handkerchief and paused to wipe the sweat from his brow. He was hot, tired, and thirsty. The heat of the day was intolerable.

His feet seemed to be walking on live coals and the case he was carrying grew heavier with every step.

The avenue was full of roses—their heavy scent overpowering, inescapable. Like an anaesthetic. Combined with the heat it made Dick feel slightly sick.

He was reminded of Browning's "Roses, roses all the way, and myrtle mixed in my path like mad."

Only, he thought inconsequentially, there's no myrtle.

He wondered if he were growing a little light-headed. Though how his head could be light when it felt like an over-ripe melon, ready to crack at the slightest pressure, was more than he could fathom.

The thought of watermelon reminded him, with a fresh pang, that he was desperately thirsty. A mirage of watermelons floated before him. Pink! Juicy! Succulent! It was like a goad that prodded him into angry, futile rebellion.

What fool's game was it that he was here at all? At this time of day he should by rights have been sitting in his comfortable, air-conditioned office, with Miss Arnold bringing him a long cool "quencher" from the canteen.

Not traipsing the fiery pavements in the midday heat. Not lugging a case containing, reputedly, a vacuum cleaner—but which, he was morally certain, held instead a couple of granite boulders.

If it hadn't been for Murgatroyd!

Just thinking of Murgatroyd, however, made his temperature rise abruptly and put him in some danger of choking. It was Mike's fault that he was walking along this rose-filled avenue with blistered feet and a watermelon for a head. Mike's and no other's.

Yet in a way he himself was to blame. He had let the challenge in those slate-grey eyes of Murgatroyd's rile him into doing this!

It must have been some sort of reflex action, he supposed. A throwback to his old Army days, when Mike had been his superior officer.

Queer how fate had reversed their fortunes. Now he was the boss, Richard J. Ferney, junior, of the Swift Vacuum Cleaner Co. Murgatroyd was just a salesman.

Well, not quite like that. He was an excellent salesman—the head in his department. He had a fine opinion of his own ability, too, and a don't-give-a-hang attitude towards the whole world. This included his boss, R. J. Ferney.

At times when Murgatroyd rapped out some remark in that old staccato, machine-gun style of his, young Dick wanted to snap to attention and answer smartly: "Yessir."

It was only by watching constantly and clamping down hard that he was able to control this impulse.

In spite of this he liked and admired Murgatroyd. Sometimes he thought Mike liked him. But not often.

Usually he could detect a thinly veiled gleam of contempt in the grey eyes. And he had long since come to the disquieting conclusion that he could not have been the brightest private under Sergeant Murgatroyd's command.

For some time now Murgatroyd had been agitating for higher wages for his salesmen. Dick was inclined to give in to him. But Ferney senior would not hear of it. The men were already getting more than award rates.

Matters drifted until the most promising junior left to work for a rival firm. Then Murgatroyd went verbally berserk. Ferney senior wasn't about at the time, so Dick took the full force of the blast.

Mike let go in the voice he had once reserved for the parade ground and raw recruits.

"Why do you think we keep on losing our salesmen? Why? Tell me that! Good grief, man, you don't know? Don't know?"

His voice grew louder with each word. With each word he looked more pugnacious. "Well, Mister Ferney, I'll tell you! It's because you don't pay 'em. You— don't—pay— 'em! You're too mean."

With his chin out-thrust Murgatroyd looked very much like an enraged bulldog. Any other man would have been fired there and then. But not M.M.

"They get jolly good wages," Dick defended. (Or didn't they? He was never sure that he wasn't talking balderdash when Mike looked at him like that.) "Pleasant working conditions. A car to get round in. Attractive women to interview."

That did it. Mike fairly snorted.

"Attractive women! Have you ever tried to sell anything to a woman—attractive or otherwise? What do you know about women? Ever had to handle any?"

Dick had to confess that he hadn't. Only Miss Arnold, and no one could have been more tractable.

"Women are the devil," Murgatroyd snarled. He was a confirmed bachelor. "The very devil. If you don't believe me, try it yourself. Come out for a ride in the car. Find out for yourself. Pleasant conditions! Attractive women! Nice cars!"

Speechlessness overtook him. But not for long. He thrust his ugly, grizzled visage close to Dick's face. "Or are you afraid, Mister Ferney?"

So Dick came. He couldn't refuse that challenge. He couldn't ignore the devastating contempt in those slate-grey eyes. And if mentally he cursed Murgatroyd for bringing him out on such a day—surely there were 364 more pleasant ones?—he was glad that he had come.

Now he knew. Women were the devil. This rose-filled street wasn't the worst one he'd encountered.

Two streets back a deaf old lady had sooled her dog on to him. A younger woman had slammed the door in his face. An attractive blonde with a honey-sweet smile had let him clean the house before she told him that she already had a cleaner.

"Drink this and you'll feel better," she said.

He was at the end of the avenue now. He stood at the gate of a modest little bungalow and wondered whether he'd even bother to go in. Then he decided that he would. He would finish up here and then find the car.

Mike had some lunch and a drink waiting for him, and he could rest his aching feet before starting out on the afternoon's trek. Dick had no intention of backing out now and letting Mike have the last laugh.

He went down the neat gravelled drive, round to the back of the house, and knocked. Not a loud knock. He was growing cautious.

And there he stood waiting—a tired, thirsty, headachy, young salesman under the shady rambling roses which arched over the back door. At the side of the house a vine was covered with clusters of black, juicy-looking grapes.

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Week-End

By CATHERINE HUBBELL

"I was just going," Janet said, quietly.

THE heart of the office was still. It did not beat for anyone, least of all for Janet. All but the last footsteps — her own — had crossed the suite of rooms, sounded in corridors, paused before the lifts.

She felt as though the office waited for her to go, suppressing a comment. Perhaps it found her wanting, as Mr. Keith Douglass, her boss, did.

But that was only her imagination, she insisted. They had worked long hours together, she did her job flawlessly. What she meant, she supposed, was that he found her wanting as a person, as a woman.

She straightened her desk drawers, sharpened two pencils for Monday. She tore the pages "Saturday" and "Sunday" off her calendar, and realised with a half-frightened, half-resentful pressure on her heart that in her mind the week-end was already over.

When she closed her window she saw the first star trembling like a solitaire diamond from an invisible chain.

Closing the window, watching the sky at every dusk, were like steps in a performance—the same every day. Like some actress saying to herself: "Am I always going to play this part?"

Would there always be a cool, disinterested Mr. Douglass? (She liked him, but his disinterest pricked her like a misplaced pin.) If you never conquered first things, how could you go on to something different?

People said to her: "Oh, two whole days, how nice!" Salesgirl, and the woman who did her hair, and a friend of her mother's whom she had dutifully visited—they all said it.

They were thinking vaguely of late parties, and Saturday breakfasts in bed, and fascinating groups of people seated at tables in night-clubs.

Then Janet would answer: "Yes, it makes a real week-end." But she would let it go at that. Sometimes the thought of her unused week-ends seemed like loaves of bread stacked up—all uneaten.

The office darkened. In the electric light her lipstick, warmly named Red Dawn, looked pinky pale. Her eyes talked back at her in the mirror. They were wide with argument . . . this life in the city —this career . . . all this self-justification.

Janet reassured her face. Practice had made her good at it. When the small red fez was on her blue-black hair and the white porcelain flower in the lapel of her black suit —when the white gloves, only a little dark at the fingers, were drawn on, she looked wonderful.

Mr. Douglass had not seen her hat. He came too late and left too early to see Janet's hats.

But she would have liked him to walk in now. Some address forgotten, a key misplaced, a document he would want . . . "Why, hullo, what are you doing here, Miss Lowry? Can't have this — can't have you working too hard. Have you seen a key—oh, you have it, good girl!"

He would relax a moment, perhaps light a cigarette. The office, disgruntled at such friendliness, would fall away. She would be a vivid girl in a red fez.

They would be a man and a woman—a team. Quick as lightning in their understandings, cool as spring rain in accomplishment, brilliant in decisions. It must be simple, Janet thought, when a man and a woman really understand each other. Understanding should be an untrammelled thing, like a meadow of fresh snow.

The strain would leave Douglass' face . . . "What about dinner and a show?"

And on they would go, past the stiff, shrewd doorman—past the voices of visitors coming out of the hostels. She dreamed on . . .

He would not even mention the strenuous problems of the office, the fret of delays. But round them and through them would flow a kind of gaiety. Other stars would be out, pinning up the purple-blue sky.

She lifted her face—for he was tall—laughing . . .

Janet snapped off the lights and walked out quickly. Behind her she could feel the office settling into petulant slumber, like an ageing dog.

She walked out of the building with relief, her good-night smile melting off.

It was now too late for the tea-room type of restaurant. There would be lines of sagging, resigned business people, who being seated would find the best items crossed off the menu. And it was too early for the good places—walking in on them for dinner at this between-time was like getting to a tea while the hostess was at lunch. And there you sit and the waiters look at you speculatively . . .

No, thought Janet, no! It would be better, it was indeed better, to go to her one-room-and-kitchenette flat. There was no secret why girls went to their rooms and cooked meals. A room had four walls and a door and nobody could watch you, or think she's alone, she's all alone.

Janet bought a pound of apples from a stall. It made her think of the bowls of fruit that used to be left on the dining-room table when she was little. A little fruit in a bag, the evening paper—and then to her one room and kitchenette.

Mr. Douglass had a woman to cook for him in his flat, but perhaps he went out for dinner on Fridays. Janet saw him dimly, answering a telephone, going to the wardrobe—dinner-jacket for to-night—phoning the garage for his car.

Then there would be some bland, self-assured, yellow-haired girl who had no idea what an office looked like, talking in silver tones . . . "Keith, tell me, just what do you do?"

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THE BALLAD OF BARNEY

Barney, tricked out in his new harness, reigned supreme in the nursery.

By WINIFRED WATT

COMPARED with Barney, the Son of Heaven was only a demi-god. That is how we felt about him, we four Ellender children.

He was the ruling deity of our nursery, and in all the years he lived there no friend of flesh and blood, no story-book hero, ever menaced his position in the hearts of the boys and girls who loved him.

To put it baldly he was a rocking-horse.

When my grandfather found him, he was skulking in the darkest corner of a curiosity shop somewhere in Whitechapel.

Grandfather rescued Barney from the exotic company of china mandarins, petit-point snuff-boxes, spinets and dried bulrushes: he had him mounted on rockers and tricked out with a fine saddle and bridle of red Morocco leather.

And then Barney came to live in our nursery, but not merely to live in it—to say he reigned over it more accurately describes the situation.

The year was 1900, and we lived in a London street, in a tall and thin house. The nursery was up a back-breaking number of stairs, under the roof. The stairs were too much for most of the legs in the household, with the exception of our own, so that apart from Miss Fratchet, our governess, nobody bothered us much.

When Barney wasn't being used as a mount we stood him up on the window-seat at the back window, so that he could look down on our small garden and over the wall to the park.

When Grandfather left him with us we decided he ought to be baptised, since it was doubtful if he had ever been baptised before. John, who was the first-born of the House of Ellender, was to officiate. In Grace's best nightgown trimmed with hand-made lace and mother's sable stole. It shouldn't have been black, but she hadn't one of any other color. If she had known, we wouldn't have had the sable either.

Our only real difficulty was the holy water, but Mary had one of her brainwaves. She persuaded Ivy, the parlormaid, to save the water from the vicar's finger-bowl when he came to dinner (which he did regularly once a week), and we used that. Mary said it was bound to be slightly holy because he said grace over the top of it.

And then there was the name. John wanted Bucephalus and Grace thought Pegasus would be nice, but both names seemed a little unsuitable for one so short in the leg and so comfortably rotund. Mary had exhausted her inventiveness over the holy water, and so the final choice was left to me. I chose Barnabas because he was the Saint for the Day on Mother's Christian Calendar.

That was how it all began. I was six at the time, and John was eleven, and the girls fitted in between. From that day forward Barney was our friend and confessor. He knew all our secrets, even the ones we kept from one another. He knew what was going into the Christmas stockings and where Grace kept her diary, marked 'Privit.' Only Barney knew how terrified John was of the other boys at his school, and how Mary felt when her best friend had a birthday and didn't invite her to the party.

Before Barney came Mary was always in trouble with Miss Fratchet because she couldn't learn poetry. But he taught her. She found it quite easy to learn sitting on his back, while he rocked it into her head.

And then there was the time when John fell off the toolshed roof on to the paved yard and split his cheek open. He wouldn't let Dr. Martindale stitch it until Barney was brought beside his bed.

As for me, I loved Barney more dearly than any other being, even my brother, who was dearer than brothers are supposed to be. For the four of us the joy of going away on holiday was always rather dimmed because Barney had to stay at home. The first time we went away after his arrival in the nursery, Grace begged and pleaded with father to take him, too. But father was, as always, adamant.

Grace sat down with her arms round Barney's neck and howled. "The Martindales always take that great, ugly dog of theirs, and he's heaps bigger than Barney," she wailed. Father did his best to explain why a hotel which didn't jib at taking a St. Bernard should draw the line at a law-abiding pony on rockers.

Mary and Grace wept till their noses were red, then Ivy, who had been a sympathetic onlooker, suggested, "You could send him a picture-postcard, you know. I'd pin it on the wall beside him."

They cheered up at the thought, and Barney got his postcard. And every year after that Barney's corner of the nursery was littered with souvenirs of this place and that.

The years of childhood seem to stretch down the centuries, and it seemed to us that Barney had been with us as long as Time. Actually we had had him for about six years on the day the vicar came to tea.

It was in the summer holidays, and John was home. I was to go back to school with him next term, and we were really not children any longer. Tea was on the tiny lawn, under a plum tree. Lulled by the heat and the hum of voices and insects, I felt I had only to close my eyes to find myself floating away over the shrubbery and the tall roofs beyond into shimmering space. I struggled back with an effort to find that the vicar had turned his bland gaze from John and was sending it on a purposeful tour round the table.

"I want to ask a great favor of you young people," he was saying, "and I know you will help me. I am having a little jumble sale in September, and I particularly want to have a toy stall . . . something to appeal to the little ones, you know. You are all so grown-up now"—here he bestowed a fatherly pat on lanky Grace's shoulder—"there must be a good many things you have outgrown. Will you make a search and let me have anything you may feel moved to give?" Without much interest we said we would.

When the house door had closed behind him mother said The Awful Thing.

"I think you might as well let him have Barney," she said. I shall never forget, though it will soon be forty years since that day, the sick misery that took possession of me. The girls burst into tearful entreaties, and John's face went stolid and pink as it always did when he was distressed. We all argued and pleaded with all the fervor we could summon, but although mother was startled by the storm she had raised, she was not to be moved.

"Don't be foolish, children," she said. "You are not babies any longer. This behaviour is simply ridiculous. And in any case I want to refurnish the nursery as a sitting-room for you."

That settled it. Barney went to the vicar's jumble sale. None of us saw him go. We all found we had something very important to do a long way from home, and when we came home the silence in the house was unusual, to say the least of it. The sale was a phenomenal success, I believe. We didn't go.

I went to school next month, and in the whirl of new activities and new faces I forgot my grief over Barney, but not Barney himself. Then the Christmas holidays came. When John and I reached home, we were hustled upstairs to see the new sitting-room under the roof. Grace and Mary fluttered round like two little birds.

I thought they had forgotten. But next morning when I went to Mary's room to wake her, and tell her the first snow had come in the night, I knew she had not. A little old tartan rug that was one of our presents to Barney was under her pillow.

Next day was Sunday, and we all went together to early service.

"The Vicar has arranged a Crib this Christmas," mother said, as we crunched through the thin veil of snow in the sparkling darkness.

"It is an excellent little tableau of the stable at Bethlehem," she went on; "I believe some of the parishioners have raised objections, but I think myself that it is a very charming idea. However, we'll see for ourselves in a moment."

It was warm and radiant in church. On the altar holly berries glowed in the light of the candles.

From my fat red hassock I peeped through my fingers at the Crib, which had been set up in the Lady Chapel, just in front of me as I knelt. It was softly lighted and mysterious with its still, waxen figures. The Virgin, blue-veiled, bent over the Infant Christ, and from the manger a concealed light played warmly over the watching shepherds and the reverent animals. Idly I counted them—a papier-mache cow, a sheep conjured from someone's hearthrug . . . and a pony.

And a pony. Merciful heavens . . . the pony!

There was no mistaking that patient little figure, without his rockers now, and his fine red bridle, standing in the soft candlelight, looking at the Holy Child. I turned to whisper to Grace, but she had seen. They had all seen, mother, too, for she was smiling. Grace's eyes were brimming with tears, but I knew, somehow, that she was not unhappy. We four knelt entranced, and the rest of the service passed over our heads.

When it was over we clustered together in the porch in the chilly morning light. I looked at three flushed faces and three pairs of shining eyes, and I remembered suddenly a phrase that had caught my fancy in a paper that Ivy sometimes read.

"It's all right," I said. "It's all right. Barney has been Promoted to Glory."

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THE BRICK WALL

By Louis Kamp

Final instalment of our dramatic serial

I SAT in my car for a while, taking a last look around at the great white sound stages of Marshall's studios. It was when I had finally started my car that I saw Mike Bushell walking along with a guy I didn't know. They were engaged in what seemed to be a pleasant conversation. I shut off the motor, jumped out, and called to Mike.

His face sobered when he saw me, and he came over quickly. His friend came along with him. He was one of those really tall men, lean—about forty-eight or fifty.

"Gosh, kid," Mike said. "I don't know what to say. I'm terribly sorry about the picture."

I was sick of people being sorry for me.

"What I want to know," I said, "is why. No one will tell me why. I just saw Marshall, and he gave me back my contract."

"Josh," Mike said, "I swear I don't know any more about it than you do. We were all told to stop production last night. By phone. Marshall's secretary called everybody. She caught me at home."

"I wasn't home," I said bitterly. "You really don't know why Marshall did this?"

"I swear it. It's a mystery, Josh. The picture wasn't that bad."

"I don't think it was the picture," I said angrily. "The rushes have been swell."

The big guy who'd been standing by took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes," he said, "I thought you were making a remarkably fine film, Hanley. I saw the rushes. I particularly liked your handling of the son's role. Really, I can't understand why they shelved the production." I looked at him curiously.

"Oh," Mike said quickly. "Sorry. Josh, this is Cecil Smith. He's a British-Denham producer over here to see how we work things." We shook hands.

"You really liked the stuff?" I asked.

"First-rate."

"Thanks," I said. "But it looks like it's as dead as 'The Great Train Robbery' now."

"What are your plans, Hanley?" Smith asked.

"Plans?" I laughed. "Mike will explain to you some time. I'm a man without a plan. Maybe I'll try panhandling at Hollywood and Vine."

"Listen," Mike said. "Any time I can help you, kid, just tip me the word—anything I can do."

"Thanks, Mike," I said, "but I'm past helping. Unless you want to get drunk with me to-night."

"Anything but that," Mike grinned. "Della's having her third kid any day now, and I promised not to make an ass of myself until after the launching." We shook hands again.

"I'd like to have a drink with you some time," Smith said casually. "Are you in the telephone register? Perhaps we could make it to-night?"

I gave him Kingman's number, although I wasn't sure how long I'd be there, now that my bubble had burst and there was no further need for working with him. I also gave him Alex's house number and told him I might be there if he didn't get me at Harry's place. I was merely being courteous. I didn't really feel like drinking. I didn't feel like anything.

He gave me a peculiar smile when I mentioned Alex's name, but I didn't think anything about it at the time. I said, "So long," to both of them, and got in my car and drove off.

Harry Kingman hadn't returned home. The empty bottle in the breakfast room was in exactly the same place I had last seen it. The fly was gone from the glass, however, but I didn't think Harry had had anything to do with that. As I walked into the tiny living-room the phone rang and I picked it up.

It was Daisy. She was very excited about something. Kept talking about some party she wanted me to go to with her. The way I was feeling it made me a little irritable.

"I'm in no mood to stand around in some jerk's house with a Martini in my hand," I said tersely, and I told her, as briefly as I could, what had happened.

"I know," she said. "That's why you've got to come. It's important." She lowered her voice until I could hardly hear her: "I can't say any more now. I'm in the office. Alex may come back any minute."

I began to think maybe she did have something to tell me, but why it had to be at a party was beyond my already bewildered thinking processes.

"All right," I said, "I'll pick you up at your house to-night."

"No," she said. "You wait there and I'll come right over. What's the address?"

I gave it to her, and then started to say something when I heard her voice go all businesslike.

"That will be fine," she said. "I'll be over for a fitting in a little while." I gathered Alex had returned, so I hung up.

I straightened up the house, shaved and showered, and, not knowing what else to do with myself, stretched out for a nap. It was warm, so I just lay down on the living-room sofa and went right to sleep.

When I woke up I felt kind of fuzzy and then I looked at the clock over the imitation Spanish fireplace and realised I had really been out. It was a quarter of six and somebody was leaning on the doorbell. I went to the door. It was Daisy.

"I fell asleep," I said rather lamely. "What was it you couldn't tell me over the phone?"

Daisy picked out a chair and sat down. "There's something funny going on," she said.

"Funny isn't the word," I said wearily. "I'm bounced, and canned." I went on to explain my day in detail and, incidentally, gave her a belated account of my short career as a director.

"Oh, Josh," Daisy said. "Alex should have been proud of you instead of——"

"Alex!" I yelled. "You mean he had something to do with this?"

"I don't know anything for certain—"

"Nobody knows anything for certain," I said bitterly.

"But I'm positive," Daisy said, "I'm positive Alex had something to do with it. He was rubbing his hands together all day. He was too happy."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Daisy!"

"I was thinking of you, Josh," Smith said, leaning forward slightly.

"Wait a minute, Josh. Late this afternoon he had a telephone call from New York. He seemed to be expecting it and he sent me out of the room. I had to go back in again later and I swear I heard him say 'The Midas Touch' before he motioned me to get out. And all afternoon he kept giving me secret looks like he was dying to tell me something—"

"That doesn't mean a thing," I complained.

"Please, Josh, listen. Then just before I called you he started talking to me. He said mother had told him I'd been seeing a lot of you and he asked me if we were serious, you know. And I said I thought maybe we were—"

"Please, Daisy," I said. "I don't care about that—"

"Oh, will you wait!" She got up and walked up and down the room. She looked very pretty when she was excited. "He said you weren't in any position to take care of a wife any more, and never would be if you insisted on being an actor——"

I stared at Daisy. "You think he knew something?"

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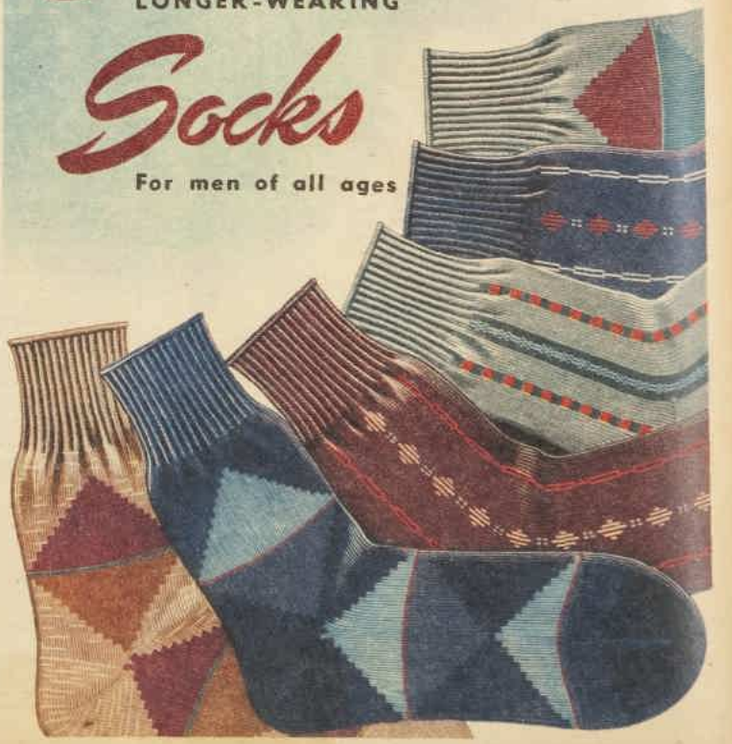

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Cicely Courtneidge sends a parcel to Jack

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! Cicely Courtneidge, here to play leading role in "Under the Counter," stares (left) at varieties of cheese displayed by attendant K. Crocker in city food hall. After years of rationing she is amazed that she can purchase such quantities "over the counter."

HAMPER FOR JACK. Her first thought is a food parcel for her famous husband, Jack Hulbert, in London. She asks Ray Donnelly what he can recommend.

QUEUEING UP. Cicely takes her place in the queue for Food for Britain express parcels.

This is first Christmas away from her husband

By JOYCE BOWDEN, staff reporter

Cicely Courtneidge, one of England's best loved comediennes, who recently arrived in Australia, has only one regret about her trip here.

For the first time she will be absent from her home, her husband (Jack Hulbert), and her friends on Christmas Day.

"ONE thing about it," says Cicely, with her famous Courtneidge chuckle, "they'll be eating better, with me here in Australia."

Cicely's first thought when she arrived here was to send off parcels, and she was overwhelmed with the quantities of food available to send home.

During her stay in America Cicely sent off parcels to her husband. These, together with express parcels sent through the Food for Britain Fund here, will augment the Christmas fare when Jack and his friends foregather at the famous Hulbert-Courtneidge home in South Audley Street, London.

I feel quite sure that, parcels or no parcels, the main toast at that gathering will be "To our Cis."

"Even through the war years we always managed Christmas Day together," said Cicely, sadly.

When I went to interview Miss Courtneidge in her suite at the Australia Hotel I found her surrounded by photographers, broadcasters, publicity men, actors, and her Australian producer, Gerald Kirby.

She was greeting people, pulling a comedy face for a photographer, and having questions flung at her by a "man about town" broadcaster while she fingered pieces of material for the sets in the production of "Under the Counter," which commences at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, on December 27.

If Cicely had been a star of the American stage and screen instead of the darling of London, I am sure the Hollywood and Broadway publicity boys would have named her "The Blonde Bombshell."

Theatrical "Who's Who" gives Cicely's birthday as April 1, 1893. She's the youngest 54 ever seen.

Vivacious, with a sparkling personality, Cicely has the figure of a young girl and the sort of legs and ankles most of us yearn for.

Her fine English complexion, lovely eyes, and shapely mouth make her a pretty woman in repose.

When her eyes twinkle and she turns on the scintillating Courtneidge humor every eye is turned immediately towards her.

As the room cleared and we found ourselves alone Cicely inquired where she could buy knitted goods and jewellery.

Knowing she had been able to pack only fifty pounds weight of luggage on her air flight out here I thought she wanted to go on a shopping spree herself.

However, I found I was quite wrong. It was her husband, Jack, and his needs which were occupying her mind.

"I must send him some woollens, sweaters, and socks, and although I've fixed for my main Christmas gift in London I want to find some small memento in the way of jewellery to send from Australia," she said.

Cicely is eagerly awaiting the remainder of her luggage, which is coming by ship.

"I hope it's on the Pacific, not in the Pacific," she chuckled.

"You'll love the clothes in the show. London designers Peter Russell and Victor Stiebel are responsible for my gowns and they're really lovely. They are not the same as the original gowns in the London production.

"The frocks have been renewed three or four times during the run of the play in London and America, and materials are so hard to come by in England that the frocks had to be made in the materials available at the time," she added.

As far as her own wardrobe goes Cicely likes plain, tailored clothes, and for her stage frocks does not follow the trend of the "new look" in length.

Her air luggage included one suit and six silk frocks bought in America on her way to Australia. She adds glorious American accessories and costume jewellery, and has a snappy line in hats.

"Look," said Cicely, showing me a link diamond bracelet and necklet of charms.

"Jack started me off with the chain, and I've added sentimental charms from time to time. Some have personal significance, and some of the charms depict roles I have played on the London stage," she added.

Cicely also wears a charm bracelet with a watch on it, given her by one of her great friends in the theatrical profession, Beatrice Lillie.

She has other charm bracelets, also the gifts of Jack, and a plain platinum wedding ring.

I asked Cicely how she first met this famous husband of hers.

"On the stage," said Cicely, as if such a thing was a foregone conclusion. "Jack was playing in one of my father's productions, and so was I."

With an expressive shrug of her shoulders and a lift of her equally expressive eyebrows she added, "And there we were, and here we are!

"Except that Jack isn't here. You know, everyone gets the idea that Jack and I always work together. That's not correct at all. We may do a film or a show together and then work quite separately from each other."

Jack produced the play "Under the Counter," which was written specially for Cicely by Arthur Macrae in London. But he didn't appear on stage, and Thorley Walters was her leading man.

Thorley has come to Australia with Miss Courtneidge to play the same role here.

As her life seems so completely surrounded by the stage, I asked Cicely if she remembered when she made her first appearance.

Throwing up her hands she exclaimed, "Probably in my shawl!"

Cicely has a close tie with this country. She was born here. Her father, Robert Courtneidge, and his wife came to Australia with the London Gaiety Company in 1893.

"Their arrival in Sydney coincided with my arrival into the world," said Cicely.

At the time Cicely was born her father was appearing in a play called "Esmerelda." He named his daughter Cicely Esmerelda.

Robert Courtneidge returned to England and his young daughter appeared in his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as Peasblossom.

In 1903 Courtneidge returned to Australia to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for George Musgrove, and again Cicely took the role of Peasblossom, appearing for the first time on the Australian stage at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne.

AT WOOLLOOMOOLOO Cicely sees Australian wharfies loading food for Britain. She shows Leslie Hayes (left) and W. Dainty the parcel she is sending to Jack.

"NOW I CAN HAVE A GO," says Cicely at Romano's. After sending off all parcels she says she can really enjoy her dinner without feeling guilty.

OUR COVER

● *A baby wombat at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, makes an appealing armful for young Anne Apter, of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney. Thousands of city children and visitors from the country spend long days at the Park during their Christmas holidays.*

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Editorial

DECEMBER 20, 1947

TROUBLE IN PALESTINE

THE situation in Palestine, with all its violence and alarm, shows the dismaying difference between making a decision and being able to enforce it.

The UNO decision to partition Palestine has been the signal for trouble that seems to have all the makings of a full-scale war.

This is the first UNO ruling that must be imposed on an unwilling people. The case was taken to an international court and a judgment given.

But other courts have police to implement their decisions, and gaols and penalties with which to discipline recalcitrants. UNO has, as yet, no such machinery.

It is obvious that it must face up to its practical responsibilities if its judgments are to be more than empty words.

Fortunately, Palestine is a matter on which the Great Powers are, in the main, in agreement. Russia and U.S.A. voted for partition, and Britain's abstention from voting implies no hostility to them.

In devising the steps necessary to see the Palestine partition through to a satisfactory conclusion, UNO will be doing its most important work to date.

It will be transforming its deliberations into a real court to which the nations may, with confidence, take their many problems.

If the Powers, now so much at variance, can come together in the practical handling of Palestine, it is reasonable to hope that they can go on—that they can find common ways to work on other questions, some of which are even more dangerous to world peace.

ARTIST SPROD gives us an impression of Santa Claus, store version.

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

PRESIDENT of the Victorian Housewives' Association, Mrs. John Downing, suggested recently that elementary domestic science should be taught to all schoolboys.

From the brief report of her speech that I have I can only guess that her idea would be to make men more generally useful round the home.

However, I see no need to clutter a school curriculum with domestic science for boys.

If their general education is worth a cracker, they have been taught (a) to read, and (b) to follow simple oral instructions. So, if they want to, they can easily enough learn to cook a simple meal, make a bed, and wash up.

That old gag about being able to cook nothing else but an egg is as hollow from men as it is from women. Any intelligent adult can—if he or she wants to—prepare a simple meal.

By this I don't mean to belittle the skill of your first-class cook, but that is another matter altogether, born partly of natural flair — and partly of practice.

A helpful male round the house is admirable. He is wonderful for mending hinges, putting up pictures, putting washers on taps, and washing up.

But personally I am wary of those who are too deeply versed in the domestic arts. They interfere too much.

* * *

THAT suggestion about domestic science for boys brought forth a somewhat irrelevant comment from a Melbourne business man, who said: "If men ran their businesses like women run homes, we'd all be bankrupt in a week."

To this man, who wisely chose to remain anonymous, we might answer: "If women ran homes like men run businesses, nobody would want to come home to them."

Running the home in a "business-like" way is a notion that the best of men get into their heads at times. I remember one who, irked by his daughters' omissions in table-setting, their repeated forgetfulness of mustard, teaspoons, or sugar, continually urged that a list of requirements be posted on the kitchen wall.

His wife merely carried out a policy of passive resistance to the idea for twenty years or more. Sensible woman, she knew that the next step would be filing cabinets in the kitchen and memos in triplicate to the milkman.

No. Let us continue to keep the kind of home that a man or a woman may come into in the evening, ease into an armchair, and say gratefully, "The office was never like this!"

STRIKES me as pretty desperate when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee agree, as they're reported to, that a thousand - million - pound British lottery would be a good thing to raise foreign currency.

Even I, with my strictly female notions of high finance, can imagine that lots of nice dollars might come rolling in. But if that's a good way of easing Britain's burdens, it's also a fine illustration of how haywire the world economy is.

Another pretty pointer to that was the recent news that 40,000lb. of Lend Lease tobacco was recently burned at Tripoli; it couldn't be sent to Britain because it would interfere with the tobacco trade between Britain and America.

Getting back to the lotteries, I hope the British Government noted that three months ago a U.S. Congressman urged a lottery of the same magnitude in America to "reduce the high national debt and meet demands from abroad for financial aid."

If every nation starts running one we could be headed for an era of taking in one another's lottery tickets, which seems even less valuable than taking in each other's washing.

* * *

I ONCE heard of an elderly woman whose ambition it was to put all the people she disliked on a boat, send it to sea, and sink it.

Were she alive to-day she'd doubtless discard the boat as old-fashioned and put her name down for a moon rocket. Scientists are prophesying that these will be launched within 15 years, but none seem very hopeful that passengers would reach the moon alive.

If and when these trips do become feasible, we'll have to revise some of our favorite expressions. "Mooning around" will be applied to adventurous types, not dreamers, and "asking for the moon" may be a demand worthy of notice by UNO.

* * *

Have you remembered the bon-bons, the cellophane, tinsel, and ginger,
The cards with their rosy wishes for a bright, impossible future,
The powder, the scent, and the slippers; toy trains, teddy bears, and the trumpets,
The almonds, the chook, and the raisins, the sixpences for the plum pudding?
Then may you eat and be merry; here's a toast to banish your sorrow,
At least till the reckoning comes, when the bills crowd in on the morrow.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Interesting People

PROF. N. MICHAILOW

. . . painter of Royalty

FORMER Bulgarian Court portrait painter, Nicola Michailow, has painted most European Royalties. He is making his home in Melbourne. Short, chubby-faced, genial, he wears tiepin from Ferdinand, former King of Bulgaria. He paints realistically, catching individual characteristics of subjects. Says: "I like to paint elegance." With daughter Olga, who is his secretary, will visit Mexico to paint the President, but will return here.

MRS. L. J. DRAKE

. . . archery challenge

SIX years ago Mrs. L. J. Drake, Nedlands, W.A., had a golf handicap of 12, but gave up game to learn a sport whole family could share. Now she is leading woman archer of Australia. Her two sons, Barrie, 15, Daryll, 12, are leading junior archers, and her husband is a flying archer, that is, he shoots for distance, not for a target. Drake family has issued Australia-wide challenge to any family of archers to compete with them.

CANON W. J. EDWARDS

. . . mission of mercy

POWERFUL personality, twinkling eyes, forthright speech are characteristics of Canon William Edwards, who is leader of United Nations' Children's Relief Mission to Greece. He says: "This is an attempt to save a quarter of a million children from serious malnutrition." Graduate of Sydney University, he did post-graduate course at Cambridge. Is ex-headmaster of the Canberra Grammar School, founded by him in 1929.

Remove those tell-tale streaks of grey with Hillcastle Hair Pencil — 7 Natural colours — lasts and lasts.

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WERE THEY THE SAME AT SCHOOL?

SCHOOLS IN. Photographer's fantasy of five celebrities. Left to right: "Chips" Rafferty, George Formby, Bishop Burgmann, Dame Enid Lyons, Adrian Quist

Notable people recall term reports . . .

"How are you getting on at school?"—that question which children find so tiresome—is usually answered in secondary schools by the annual report.

We thought we'd give the children a break and addressed the query in the past tense to a number of successful citizens.

WE wrote letters to men and women, members of Parliament and actresses, professors and international sportsmen, asking them to tell us what they could remember of their school reports.

They didn't all answer, and some of those who did sent us politely frantic replies explaining that they'd long forgotten.

Of these we liked best Professor Bernard Heinze's telegram, which read: "Dreadfully sorry have hunted in vain school report stop its such a long time ago nothing remains."

From Canberra came answers from the Prime Minister and the Federal Leader of the Opposition, through their secretaries. Mr. Menzies explained that he had "no records on the matter, nor any way of obtaining anything of a useful nature for the purpose."

Mr. Chifley's secretary wrote: "The Prime Minister attended only at a part-time school except for his last year, although his achievements in adult life represent a wonderful triumph over inadequate education.

"He recalls that in the year of full-time school (Patrician Brothers' High School, Bathurst), the only prize he won was for Bible history."

Inigo Jones, 75-year-old long-range weather man, answered from Queensland:

"As far as I can remember I did not win very brilliant comments in general, but in some science subjects got the better commendation.

"In my day there was no emphasis placed on religious matters, nor was sport the god that it has since become; but I can remember that I escaped gymnastics as sedulously as possible and also avoided drill and all forms of sport; but I indulged very much in long walks.

"My hobbies were violin playing, work in my private laboratory, and nights with the telescope.

"I recall that the only master who ever gave us original instruction was dismissed by the governing body as a very dangerous teacher.

"His method was to give us a certain chapter to prepare; then he would fling the book over his shoulder and say, 'Now let me tell you what is not in the book.'

"Looking back I feel very grateful to him, and know that he developed a mode of thought that was specially valuable to the unorthodox thinker I have become."

Inigo Jones

Dame Enid Lyons, Federal member for Darwin, Tasmania, told us:

"Whatever of merit my school reports contained was due solely to my mother. It was easier to work reasonably well at school than to take home news of any failure.

"My exercise books were monuments of untidiness. I still find it impossible to fill out a form tidily. This may account in part for my violent objection to bureaucracy!

"From 14 to 16, when I was at the Teachers' Training College, I spent a good deal of my study time drawing brides—and married at seventeen! I don't know what the moral is . . ."

Comedian George Formby had his wife Beryl tell us about his education:

"Your request gave us a great laugh, and I am sure you will see the humor when you learn that George never went to school.

"He says he went to a convent when he was four years old, and remained there until he was six. From there he went into the stables to learn to be a jockey, and although he was supposed to go to school while he was there, he never did.

"Although he didn't know what percentages were, it didn't take him long to learn.

"After we were married he explained all about percentages, and when we were running our own shows he had it worked out in his head just as fast as I could do it on paper. He always knew if we were making money or not."

Katharine Susannah Prichard, well-known Australian writer, said: "After my childhood in Tasmania and Victoria I went to South Melbourne College, of which J. B. O'Hara—whose lyrical poetry is still well remembered—was headmaster.

"He was always very pleased with my essays; sometimes he read them to the class. But when our exam results were posted he always wrote, 'Miss Prichard — a duck.'"

Professor A. P. Elkin, noted anthropologist, found an old report:

"It shows simply that I was first, second, or third in all subjects and second in the school, the marks being quite high.

"Algebra was my weakest, but this was made up for by an interest and apparent ability in geometry and trigonometry.

"The headmaster's general report was encouraging, and a reference very pleasant. Cricket was one of my accomplishments."

Chips Rafferty, film star, tried to contact his former teachers, but he had no luck in finding any authoritative opinions on his school career.

This is not altogether surprising, as his studies at one school were brought to a swift end owing to Chips' sudden removal at the request of the authorities.

He had grown tired of being told that he was "too much of a dreamer to get anywhere," and showed his displeasure one morning by throwing the ink-well at the teacher.

When he wasn't dreaming or throwing ink-wells, Chips did well at English, history, and geography.

Frank Clune, whose letterhead gives the titles of 23 published books, sent his mind back to St. Benedict's School, Blackwattle Bay, Sydney, 40 years ago:

"The very memory of school reports still makes me squirm. Just fancy if my sons, Tony and Terry, were to see them!

"I was usually at the bottom of my class in everything except geography and history, the only subjects that interested me.

"The boy at the top of my class was Norman Gilroy, now the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney.

"If there had been an examination in the history of 'Buffalo Bill' I would have got full marks, as I was an assiduous under-the-desk student of this classic.

"Brother Michael, supporting his exhortations with many a posterior application of the paddy-whack, frequently informed me that I was certain to be a failure in life.

"My sympathies in retrospect are with Brother Michael. His taste was to curb mischievous egotism, not to encourage it, as some modern teachers do."

Harry Watt, director of "The Overlanders," now making "Eureka Stockade":

"I can only remember that I was a fairly successful student, and generally top of my class. I was best at English, and I don't think I was ever beaten.

"On the other hand, I was very poor at mathematics, and in general refused to apply myself to any subject if I did not want to do so.

"I was made to take Greek as an extra subject, and never learnt one word in five years.

"In general, I think a summing up of my reports would say that I was an intelligent boy, but undisciplined and basically lazy.

"Re-reading your letter" (we had included a sample of a school report) "and following its instructions factually, I wish to say that my needlework was a little careless."

Harry Watt

Dame Mary Gilmore, 82-year-old poet, told us that at school she was always regarded as a phenomenal pupil, and when eight years old her slates were always kept to show to school visitors.

"I was good at every subject," she wrote. "I loved arithmetic and geometry and good English.

"When I was seven years old I was reading 'The Pilgrims' Progress' for the third time. About this time I began to read the 'Iliad.'"

Bishop E. H. Burgmann, noted churchman and educationist, referred us to his book "The Education of An Australian."

We learned from it that he is the product of two schools: the little bush school of Koppin Yarratt, and Cleveland Street Public School, Sydney.

He ran away from the former at six, was forcibly returned to it later to win the interest of his teacher when he taught himself with the aid of a text book in one week-end to do cubic root.

Later, as the result of a composition entitled "How We Caught the Horse," great things were prophesied for the present Bishop of Goulburn.

Adrian Quist, international tennis player, told us he enjoyed fairly favorable reports on spelling, arithmetic, and history in his years at Pulteney Grammar School (S.A.), but was reprimanded on his poor showing at geometry and algebra.

"The terminal report indicated that sport was my main interest," he says.

Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide, sent us a characteristically brisk answer:

"I have never passed an exam. in my life, and ceased having my education at 12.

"I have found in my long and busy life, while trying to be of use in the world—to my husband bringing up my three children, managing my home, and fulfilling public tasks—that it is what you are that counts, more than what you know.

"And what you do for others counts more than what you do for yourself."

Olave Baden-Powell

Evie Hayes, star of "Annie Get Your Gun," remembered enough of her school reports to compose one on herself. Apart from geometry, which she says might as well have been Arabic for all it conveyed to her, Evie did pretty well at school in Seattle, U.S.A.

"After that," she writes, "I spent two years at the Cornish School of the Theatre in Seattle, and enjoyed this part of my education best.

"But I have learned so much since leaving school that I feel my chosen profession of the theatre was the broadest education I could have."

Catherine Gaskin, now 18, who wrote her first novel, "This Other Eden," at 16, tells us that she was summed up as: "Generally satisfactory, though she shows no special promise. Gives most enthusiasm to subjects beyond the syllabus."

"Strike me lucky," said **Mo (Roy Rene)**, favorite stage and radio comedian, when we rang when he failed to answer our letter, "you want to know how I got on at school? Well, it may surprise you, but I was a pretty fair scholar.

"I got 'good' for geography, 'very good' for history, and 'very good indeed' for grammar.

"Strike me lucky, though, if I usen't to get 'very bad' for arithmetic."

We waited hopefully for him to say "I call that abdomenal" or some other typical Mo sentence, but he had hung up.

BUSHELLS COFFEE is so easy to make and YOU'LL ENJOY THE FLAVOR — IT'S DELICIOUS.

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Women are the Devil

RUNNING the tip of his tongue over his dry lips, Dick felt he'd never been tempted to steal before, but now . . .

He was saved by the timely opening of the back door, and a girl stood looking at him.

Perhaps it was because he felt so hot and dirty, while she looked as cool as if she'd just stepped out of the refrigerator, that Dick thought her the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

She was dressed in white. Her hair was golden-brown, silken and shining. Her eyes were blue, a dark, deep-sea blue.

"Good morning," she said and smiled.

"Ah! H'm! Thank you," said Dick, clean bowled by this pleasant greeting.

His legs felt suddenly incapable of supporting him further and he looked round for somewhere to sit. Fortunately there was a stool nearby and he collapsed on to that.

The girl came out from the doorway.

"You poor man," she cried commiseratingly. "They've no right to send you out on such a day. Some people have no feelings. An ex-serviceman, too."

Dick took out his handkerchief and did some more brow-mopping.

"It's the heat," he apologised. "I'm terribly sorry. Perhaps a drink of water——"

"Why, of course. I'll get you one."

She rushed inside and came back with a glass of icy water. A small girl, an exact replica of herself, followed her. Dick for some reason was vaguely resentful of the small girl. She was as pretty as could be, but somehow she spoiled the picture.

The grown-up girl took the empty glass. "You sit there and rest," she ordered. "I've just made a cup of tea. I'll get you one."

She wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and Dick didn't say it too convincingly, anyway.

"Look," she said, "Julie and I were just going to have lunch. We'll bring it out here under the vines and you can have some too. Yes, you must," as once more he made a feeble protest. "Julie loves visitors. She'll think it's a party."

The strange part about the whole affair was that Dick felt quite at home sitting there under the vines. His hostesses chatted away, singly or in unison, as though they had known him all their lives.

Before the meal was over he knew most of their family history, though of himself he said little.

His grown-up hostess, he discovered, was a war widow. Why he should have felt relieved to know this he was vaguely uncertain. But relieved he was, almost to the point of elation. Her name was Mary Gilman. To eke out her widow's pension she worked part time at the library down the road.

After lunch Dick insisted on helping wash the dishes. He ran the cleaner over the sitting-room carpet and suite. It was two and a half hours from the time he entered the gate to the moment when he remembered Mike.

It was decidedly queer, he thought, that two and a half hours ago he had not known these charming people. Now here he was, with a proprietary interest in them. He was distressed to think that they had no guardian of any kind and decided to constitute himself one.

His greatest concern was that they should be living alone in the house without any adequate sort of protection.

He was most anxious to procure them a watch-dog, but Mary Gilman very gently and firmly refused.

"No, thank you. Thank you, indeed. It's very kind of you. I do appreciate it. But really we've lived here for some time and nothing has happened."

Dick clung to his argument. "Yes, maybe. But I didn't know you then."

She broke into hilarious laughter.

"Are you suggesting that now you know us we are in grave danger?" she asked, her eyes alight with mischief.

He was forced to join in the laugh against himself, though he said fervently: "Heaven forbid. I meant that as I didn't know you before I wasn't worried. But I am now. Well—at any rate, I'll think of something. And I'll be back soon to see how you're getting on. Good-bye and thank you."

He felt as though he was leaving old friends.

There was no sign of Mike or the car at the appointed place. Mike had gone long since. Boss or no boss, Mike waited for no man.

"Murgatroyd, you're fired," he muttered.

But the words were never said to Murgatroyd. Instead, Mike and his satellites found their pay envelopes increased. There had been a sharp difference of opinion over this question between Ferney senior and Ferney junior, but in the end Dick won.

A week later he was at the door-to-door job again. This time he had his own car and was not accompanied by Mike. Mike knew nothing of the expedition.

Dick only went to two doors—the front and the back. Neither brought any response. She wasn't home.

Feeling discouraged and disappointed he wandered aimlessly around the house. There was no indication that she had taken his warning seriously.

With a sense of responsibility weighing more and more heavily on his shoulders, Dick inspected every window. Not one of them would have kept out a determined intruder.

The kitchen window was wide open. The screen was one of those ridiculous affairs that are operated from the outside. He tested the catches, and the screen came away in his hands.

Assuming the role of housebreaker, Dick scrambled up on to the window-sill. He wanted to see how easy it was to get into this doll's house. He slid without effort into the kitchen.

He would prove to Mary how vulnerable the place was. He took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote on it:

"You need a dog.
"Get the screens fixed up.
"See how simple it is to break in!
"Dick Smith."

He left this on the table, hoping that it would startle her out of her complacency. Then he proceeded to depart. It was unfortunate that he was half in and half out of the window when she came home.

Her shocked exclamation brought Dick hurriedly to the ground.

"Well!" she said. She seemed to be waiting for the heavens to fall and destroy him.

"I was just trying to—to—trying to show you. It's so easy to get into your house." It sounded lame, unconvincing.

The girl looked at him with bleak, unfriendly eyes. She might have been a complete stranger.

"That is more than kind of you." Her voice was blistering in its sarcasm. "You came here," she added, angrily, "and accepted my hospitality. This is the reward I suppose. You and your smooth talk!"

"But listen," Dick protested unhappily. "I only wanted to prove—"

"You've proved more than enough. More than I want to know," she interrupted icily. "I ought to ring the police. Or the place where you work. But perhaps you don't really work anywhere. Perhaps you just go round pretending to sell things and spying out the land for future burglaries."

"For Pete's sake," protested Dick, becoming exasperated. "Will you listen to me! I can explain—"

"You think you know all the

Continued from page 3

answers, don't you," she retorted. "Well, I don't want to listen to you. Just clear out!"

She was gone. He heard the door slam hard. He thrust his chin out in Murgatroyd fashion, and strode off. Two could play at that game.

He gave her a couple of days to get over her tantrum—to discover that he had not been stealing. Then he returned, confidently and cheerfully, prepared to accept an apology. But once more a surprise awaited him.

When she opened the door and saw him standing there, she flared up with a swift and devastating anger.

"Well, of all the nerve! You dare to come back here after—after—"

"Now don't start that again," he pleaded, nonplussed. "Surely by now you know—"

"Yes, I certainly know," she flung back at him. "I know that when you started your funny, housebreaking act there was an envelope with two pounds in it on my safe. And that after your departure the envelope was gone. Didn't you think I'd know? Two pounds, my friend, is two pounds to me."

He looked at her in shocked, incredulous horror. "You really mean that it was—stolen?"

There was a breakdown somewhere. He had set out to prove something, but it seemed as if the only things being proved were the wrong ones. If she had really lost some money he was in deep water.

"I can't imagine why you came back," she said almost sadly, "unless your conscience drove you. If you really came to return the money . . ?" She looked at him hopefully.

DICK'S partly numbed brain stirred to action. He was so deep in the mire that he could not see his way out. But at least he could help the girl. "Yes, of course." He drew out his wallet and took the notes from it.

"I'm sorry," he said, unhappily.

Again she misunderstood him.

"And so you should be. I ought to report you. But—but you seemed so nice. And now you've returned it." She stood looking at the money. She seemed on the verge of tears.

"Good-bye," she said. She closed the door with gentle finality.

And after that there was nothing to do but forget her. A process which was much more easily said than done.

A few days later Murgatroyd looked him over with an appraising eye.

"You look like a broody hen," said Murgatroyd, callously.

"Go to the devil," said Dick.

"I'm on my way. Attractive women!" murmured Mike, and hurried out of range.

A day or so later, he sought Dick out in the sanctuary of the latter's office.

"Rather a funny thing," he said. "A letter came for a Dick Smith, salesman. There isn't a Dick Smith on the staff, so I opened it. It came to my department."

Murgatroyd slapped the letter on the desk. "It's from some dame in Osman Avenue—and she's wild as hops. Better put on an asbestos suit before you read it. It's hot."

Dick opened the letter as though he thought it might bite. Two pound notes fell out on to the table.

"Dear Mr. Smith" (he read)

"I am returning herewith your money. I'm afraid your sense of humor and mine don't tally. Yesterday when I moved the safe I found the envelope with my money in it. It had fallen between the safe and the wall and become wedged there.

"You knew all the time you hadn't stolen it! Yet you let me accuse you. You even made out you were guilty and returned the money to me. No doubt it all seems very funny to you! To me it appears to be utterly mean, hateful, and despicable!

"I hope we never meet again.

"Mary Gilman."

Dick read this through a number of times. She had found out, at last, that he wasn't guilty. But was she sorry, or apologetic? She was not! She was more furious than ever. Dick slumped down in his chair and looked glassily into space.

. . . . . .

It was Julie who found the parcels on the back doorstep on Christmas morning. She raced up the passage to her mother's room.

"Come quickly. There's something for you. A great, great big something-or-other."

The great big something-or-other was, of course, a vacuum cleaner. The other was a cellophane-covered box of dark red roses.

Mary opened this and buried her face in the fragrance.

"Oh, Julie, they're lovely." Color came and went in her cheeks. Julie eyed her critically.

"Will you throw them out of the window like you said you would?"

"Julie! I didn't mean that. Don't you dare——"

"Course I won't," said Julie placatingly. "You're lucky."

Mary looked at her small daughter.

"Didn't you get everything you wanted, Precious?"

"Everything 'cept the sleeping-doll," said Julie. "An' they cost too much money. I was afraid they would."

"Perhaps next year," said Mary regretfully. "They do cost a lot."

"I'll wait till next year then." Julie was not one to grouch.

Mary took a long time arranging the roses in a cream pottery bowl. After the breakfast chores were dispensed with and the dinner set on its way, she went to a lot of trouble to select her prettiest frock and do things to her face and hair.

She seemed to be listening for something. Nor was she disappointed. She heard the car pull up. Heard Julie's excited squeal from the side of the house: "Oooh! Mummie! Here's the Vacyoom Man."

Dick had come prepared for a hostile reception. He was grimly determined to beat his way into the house and say his piece. When Mary opened the door she cut the ground from beneath his feet.

"Come in," she said with a smile as welcoming as the one she had given him the first day they met.

Slightly off balance, he followed her inside.

"The roses are beautiful," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you. I prefer to stand. I have something to say to you."

"Indeed?" There was an imp of mischief in her eyes. She might have been enjoying some pleasant secret of her own. "I thought you'd called for the vacuum cleaner."

"Well, I haven't. It's yours. A Christmas present. If you don't want it, throw it over the fence."

"But you can't give me things like that. It cost a lot of money. It probably doesn't even belong to you."

"Will you stop making me out a criminal? I tell you I own it. I own the whole blessed firm. I'm not a thief. I can give you half a dozen vacuum cleaners if I want to."

MARY demurred. "Please don't. I wouldn't know where to put them. This place is so small. But I'm consumed with curiosity. Why did you come? Perhaps just to wish us a Merry Christmas," suggested Mary hopefully.

He was completely puzzled as to what had caused this change in her. Perhaps it was the roses. Perhaps the vacuum cleaner. He didn't know. But she was no longer hostile. She was friendly and charming, and altogether desirable.

Courage came to him in a sudden fine rush.

"Yes, and something else," he said. "Will you marry me?"

Her lips were sweetly demure, but the mocking imp danced in her eyes again. "Would I be right in saying 'This is so sudden, sir'?"

"You would not. It's been going on for weeks, and you know it. You've nearly driven me crazy. It's no use pretending you're a little innocent. And don't you dare say 'no,' because I won't listen. I want an answer—and I want 'yes.'"

"You give me no alternative," she murmured. She went to the door and called to the child: "Julie!"

Julie came running in, her arms clasping a big, beautifully dressed sleeping-doll.

"Where did you get that?" her mother demanded.

Julie looked, shining-eyed, at Dick. "The Vacyoom Man," she said exultantly. "Mummy, isn't it lov-er-ly!"

"Bribery and corruption," said Mary, but she was smiling softly. "Julie, the Vacuum Man wants to be your new father. Would you like that?"

Julie drew in a long deep breath, staring from one to the other. "Oooh!" Then she cried jubilantly: "Yes, yes, yes!"

"Thank you, Julie. You can run outside and play again."

The little girl vanished. Mary came and stood before Dick, a smile on her lips.

"That goes for me, too," she said.

Dick could scarcely believe that he had heard aright. He had come prepared for a long battle before he could convince her of his sincerity. This mild compliance bewildered him.

"You mean—?" he faltered.

"I mean, dear idiot, that I'm sorry I've been such a horrid, nasty, suspicious-minded——"

But what else she had been remained a mystery. For Dick suddenly realised that this was his moment, and took it. Some time later he found himself, with his lips in a maze of spun silk hair, murmuring incoherently: "Roses, roses all the way . . ."

"What was that?" asked Mary. Her voice came from the region of his shoulder, and was somewhat muffled.

"I was thinking of Browning and Murgatroyd—but not to the exclusion of all else," said Dick as he kissed her.

"Browning — and Murgatroyd?" Her eyes sought his questioningly.

"Murgatroyd is the man who drove me to your door," Dick explained. "Also, paradoxically, he's a woman-hater."

"He doesn't hate me." Mary spoke with smug conviction. She was smiling again, as though at some secret thought.

"He doesn't know you yet." He looked at her sharply, struck by something in her manner. "Or does he?"

"He does," she said blandly, and began to laugh at his astonished look. "Last week he tried to sell me a vacuum cleaner. And when I wouldn't buy one he sold me . . . you!"

Dick spluttered. "The devil he did. Murgatroyd! The old scoundrel."

But he was beginning to understand. Not the roses. Not the vacuum cleaner. But Mike Murgatroyd was the one to blame.

His lips were still pressed against the silky hair, but Dick's eyes were looking further and beyond the girl in his arms. He was seeing Murgatroyd's ugly, grizzled visage; the outthrust jaw; the slate-grey eyes.

"I might have known," he said softly. (Copyright)

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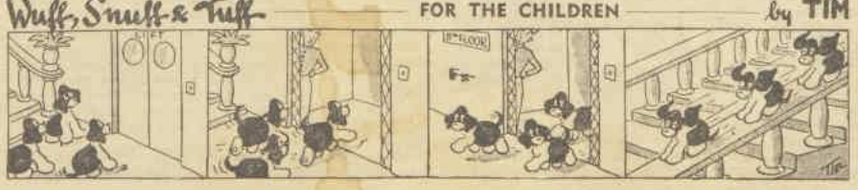
Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM



★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

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Wives in Japan find their leisure time flies

TENNIS AT HIRO. Wives as well as BCOF troops use the tennis courts at Red Shield House, Hiro. Instructor Y. Yumezono, aged 55, former tennis Veterans' Champion of Japan, is now taking care of the courts and coaching players. In the picture are Mrs. A. Anderson, right, and Mrs. G. Cronk, both of Melbourne.

AFTERNOON TEA at Sumitomo Villa. Seated from left: Mrs. E. Nelson, S/Sgt. Nelson, Doncaster, Vic.; David Martin, Mrs. P. Scott, Scotland; Miss Jean Earle, Y.W.C.A., in uniform; Mrs. N. Davidson, Scotland; and Mrs. D. Martin, Adelaide (inside verandah).

PLAYING PATIENCE AT Y.W.C.A., KURE. From left: Miss E. Tindell, Perth; Pte. H. Dyson, Sydney; Pte. T. Fennelly, Melbourne; Miss J. Hunt, Melbourne; Driver A. Sommerville, Geelong; Pte. A. Moore, Sydney.

Plenty of amenities for pleasure and study at leave centres

By ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, now in Japan

With servants provided for every home, wives of BCOF personnel have plenty of leisure and plenty of opportunities to employ this leisure profitably.

"But I've never an idle moment, the days slip by far too quickly," they say.

COOKS have all been trained in European cooking, but house-girls have usually worked only in Japanese homes.

Most of them are very willing, but they need supervision and direction.

The general opinion seems to be that it takes three house-girls to do what one trained Australian domestic helper can easily accomplish.

Social service activities are already thriving. In most areas committees have been formed to visit the hospitals, entertain convalescents, arrange picnics for children, concerts, musical and dramatic activities.

Libraries and Army education services provide plenty of good reading matter and the opportunity to study a variety of subjects.

Special lectures and art exhibitions on general and Japanese subjects offer many cultural opportunities.

For outdoor recreation there are tennis clubs and swimming, and many wives can share in the recreation facilities provided by the clubs for servicemen.

Long walks in the country, hill-climbing, visiting neighbors, and attending picture shows are all popular pastimes.

Women who are not in uniform can be guests at any officers' club. On the evenings I spent there almost one-third of the diners at Kure officers' club were women.

This club is run like any large modern club. It has a spacious dining-room with dancing floor, and a lounge for drinks. A Japanese orchestra plays nightly, there is an outdoor beer garden, tennis courts in the grounds, and billiard tables. It is managed by Warrant-Officer Kelynack, of Sydney.

One of the largest clubs for troops is at Kure, hub of BCOF contingent. This club was founded in October, 1946.

Plans for its immediate extension include the service of meals to wives and families. Women on the staff are WVS (Women's Voluntary Services).

Manager of the club is an Englishman, S/Sgt. J. Docker, of Birmingham, a former manager of the Empire Club in Naples, largest British club in the world. He was brought to Japan to manage the Kure Club, and hopes to migrate to Australia when his job there is done.

Sgt. Dave Gillam, of Western Australia, is the head cook. There are about three hundred Japanese on the staff.

Some idea of the work involved can be gauged from the club's weekly figures.

Approximately 15,000 morning and afternoon teas are served, about 10,000 cakes, 70 gallons of milk shakes, and 60 gallons of ice cream. The dining-room handles an average of 3500 meals a week.

Meals at the club are really worth seeing. For 1/9 a serviceman can have soup, poultry, three vegetables, and sweets, plus coffee or tea. He sits down to a beautifully laid table with a snowy white cloth, and is served by a brisk Japanese waitress.

All food is cooked on the premises by the Australian and Japanese staff. Equipment is modern, most of it postwar. Pride of Sgt. Gillam's heart is an electric doughnut-mixer which has turned out nearly two million doughtnuts in the three months it has been operating.

There is no bar at this club.

All families look forward to their annual holiday at one of the leave hotels. Though recently arrived, many have already been granted leave.

Each area gets its quota of the space available in the various hotels, and applicants are allowed to make their own choice.

Most popular and most palatial of the families' leave hotels are Sumitomo and Kawana.

Sumitomo Villa is one of the two hotels which take families only. **Both** are staffed by the Y.W.C.A.

Sumitomo is a wonderful Japanese-style hotel. Built by a prince as a summer home and later acquired by Baron Sumitomo, it stands on a hill amid eight acres of parklands. The present lounge-room was then a sacred place because the Emperor Meiji once slept there.

Famous overseas guests included the Duke of Gloucester, after whom was named a neighboring hotel, Gloucester House.

One superb view from the grounds embraces the lovely island of Awaji, which stretches south from the Pacific from the Strait of Akashi. To the east is the Bay of Osaka, and to the west some of the isles of the Inland Sea.

Preparing Sumitomo for families involved a lot of work by BCOF engineers, who installed up-to-date plumbing and sewerage, modern bathrooms, and electric heating.

Furnishings and interior decorations were selected and supervised by Miss Pat Ryan, Y.W.C.A. Happily, Pat Ryan has the pioneer spirit.

Prewar, in her early teens, she was fired with the desire to see Australia's outback spots, and taught in small schools beyond Bourke and Cunnamulla, Queensland. So she was not daunted when, a week after leaving Australia, she was assigned to Sumitomo.

For some months she was the only white woman in the big villa, and she battled alone with the Japanese contractors who were responsible for supplying furnishings. She watched carpets being woven and curtains dyed—a job which often took her into peasant houses in remote rice-fields where bits and pieces of the contracts had been sub-let.

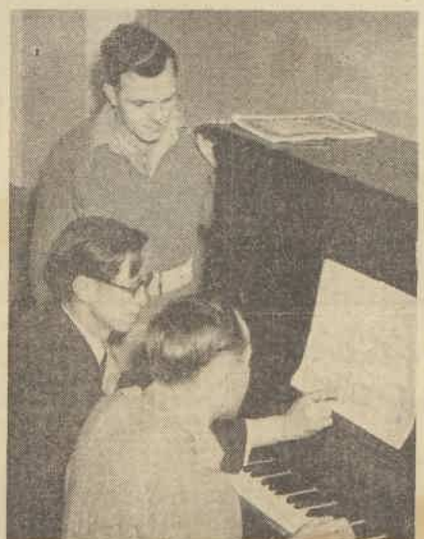
Now she is in charge of the hotel, assisted by Miss Jean Earle.

All the rooms are a tribute to Pat Ryan's care and good taste. Carpets of pastel, cream, and off-white shades, hangings and furnishings of fawn and golden-brown harmonise beautifully with the mellow-toned woods which line the ceilings and pillars of the villa.

From Sumitomo, as from other leave hotels, excursions are arranged to other points of interest—Kyoto, Kobe, and Osaka.

Kawana, 60 miles from Tokio, is another highly privileged spot. It is managed by Lieut. Burrows, whose wife has recently arrived from Australia. It is a luxuriously appointed hotel, with a famous golf course.

From the piazza surrounding the landscape-windowed dining-room, the dramatic view stretches across the links to a wid sweep of the Inland Sea, with Fujiyama in the distance as the highlight of the scenic hilly backdrop. When I visited it autumn had richly painted the divine scene.



PIANO LESSON at Kure House Education Centre. Sig. K. Roberts, Manilla, N.S.W., who has become a student of the piano since his arrival in Japan, taking a lesson from Mr. Tanaka, formerly Professor of Music at Peiping University. Looking on is Sig. H. Kentish, of Newcastle, who is also learning from Tanaka.

PICTURESQUE GROUNDS of Sumitomo Villa, BCOF Families' Leave Hotel at Kobe, were new to Sig. H. F. Vickers, of Leicester, England, and his bride, an American girl, who were shown round by Miss Pat Ryan, Sydney Y.W.C.A. worker, in charge of the hotel.

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

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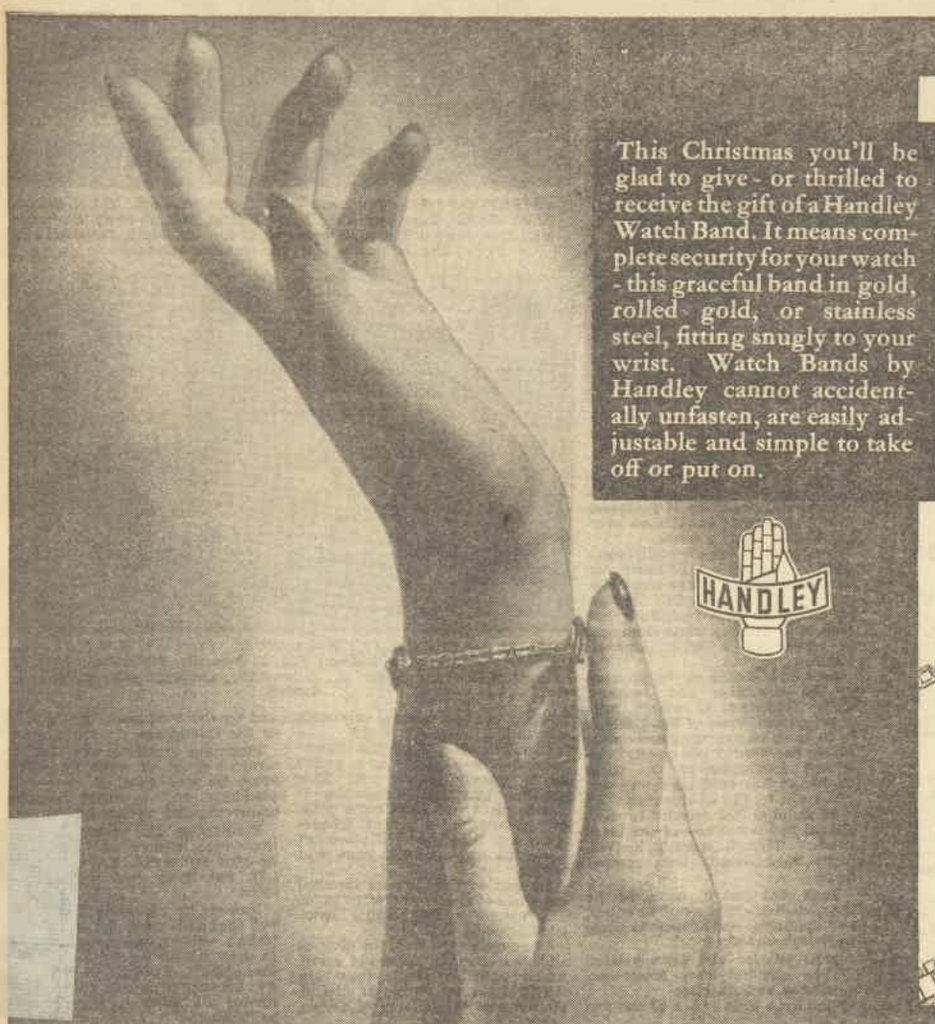
In safe keeping . . .

THE WATCH WITH A HANDLEY BAND



This Christmas you'll be glad to give - or thrilled to receive the gift of a Handley Watch Band. It means complete security for your watch - this graceful band in gold, rolled gold, or stainless steel, fitting snugly to your wrist. Watch Bands by Handley cannot accidentally unfasten, are easily adjustable and simple to take off or put on.

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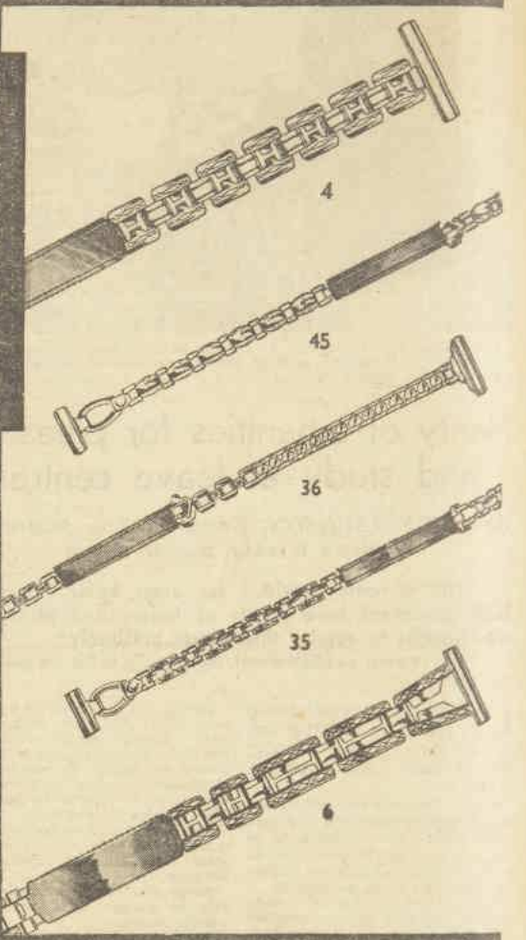

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The Handley name is your guarantee of fine quality and thorough workmanship for Handley is the largest manufacturer of precision watch cases in the Southern Hemisphere.

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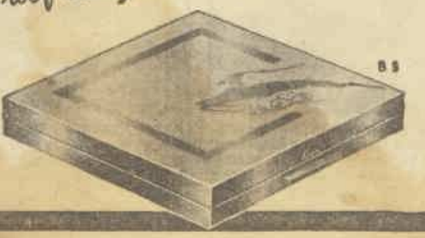
Powder Proof compacts by HANDLEY

Lovely young faces smile into the mirrors of their Handley Compacts - compacts beautifully designed, beautifully finished and machined with the finest accuracy to make the powder compartment truly "powder-proof." See the range of Handley compacts at your jewellers.



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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE stars promise good news, friendships, changes, and general good fortune for most Sagittarians, Arians, and Leonians at this time.

People concerned should plan optimistically, and work diligently towards desired achievements.

Capricornians, Virgoans, and Taurians have good weeks ahead, but Geminians and Piscean must live cautiously.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Seek promotions, gains, and changes Successful days are Dec. 17 (morning), 21, and 22. Dec. 19 is adverse

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan ahead, but meanwhile get routine tasks in order. Dec. 16, 17, and 18 poor, and Dec. 20 is only fair

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware rashness, partings, loss, opposition, and changes at present. Dec 18 and 20 poor, and Dec. 19 decidedly adverse. Just be wary.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Do not try to accomplish too much, and rush completion of urgent matters only. Utilise Dec. 17 and 19 (morning and early afternoon) well, but regard Dec. 16, 18, and 20 as just fair. Dec. 21 and 22 are very poor

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): General good fortune is round on Dec. 21 and 22, so seek contracts, changes and decisions on those dates. Rest of week poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Trouble easy to find, so be discreet. Dec. 18 and 20 are poor, and Dec. 19 is very adverse. Dodge changes and discord and follow routine carefully.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Dec. 17 can be unexpectedly fortunate so utilise it well. Dec. 16 (except early morning), 18 and 21 are fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be cautious on Dec. 16, 17, and early 18. Evening of Dec. 18, however, is good. Dec. 20 (except forenoon and dusk) fair, but Dec. 19 is tricky.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good fortune is yours, so seek desired changes, contracts, and legal aid. Dec. 17 (morning) excellent, and Dec. 18, 21, and 22 are also very good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Plan ahead, for better times are coming. Meanwhile, Dec. 17 (morning) is good, but Dec. 19, 21, and 22 are poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Very fair on Dec. 16 and 18, and the morning of Dec. 17 is excellent.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live quietly, for you will strike difficulty if you are indiscreet, impatient, or quarrelsome. Dec. 19 is adverse, and Dec. 20 is poor. Follow routine strictly.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

ALFRED

"All right, Alfred, if you think the one on the outside looks a little more intellectual you can have her."

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-4 (expire Dec. 28).
BUTTER: 1-3 (expire Dec. 28).
MEAT: Red, 1-7 (expire Dec. 28); blue, 1-7 (expire Dec. 28).
CLOTHING: 1947 and 1948 issues current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. They call at a tropical island where the native Chief tells them he once saw a flame pearl on an island inhabited by a tribe of women warriors and known as Amoz Island. Mandrake believes him and the yacht sails to Amoz Island. When Mandrake and Barton go ashore they see men doing washing, cooking, and household work. The Amazons secretly watch them come ashore and then capture them in nets. NOW READ ON:

See and hear the "COMBINETTE" — the new STROMBERG-CARLSON Radio Phonograph with automatic record-changer

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CHARMING PICTURE of Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, wife of Supreme Commander, General MacArthur, chatting with Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Bouchier, Air Officer Commanding BCAIR, at morning reception at British Embassy.

TOAST TO ELIZABETH AND PHILIP. Mr. A. D. F. Gascoigne, head of U.K. Liaison Mission; Lieut.-General H. C. H. Robertson, BCOF Commander-in-Chief; Mrs. Gascoigne; and Sir B. Rama Rau, Indian Ambassador, at ball at British Embassy.

YOUTHFUL GUESTS at ball at British Embassy. Miss B. Eklund (left), of Brisbane; Flight-Lieutenant P. Garland, Melbourne; Flight-Lieutenant S. Thwaites, Queensland; and Miss B. Taurty, Queensland.

JOTTINGS FROM JAPAN

● Most brilliant parties to be held in Japan since beginning of Occupation were the series to celebrate wedding of Princess Elizabeth.

Our Editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, on visit to Japan, sends us these pictures and news of the parties which she attended.

Two days' festivities included a reception given by the British Ambassador, a reception by the Commander-in-Chief, a ball at the British Embassy, a parade, and a combined Commonwealth reception.

Tokio has developed into an impressive social centre with its diplomatic missions from almost all the Allied nations as well as American and British Occupation personnel.

Almost every guest at the parties is distinguished for his specialised knowledge of some important aspect of world affairs.

The Supreme Commander was represented at the British Embassy by his wife, Mrs. MacArthur, whose charming informality delighted the many Australians to whom she talked.

LOVELY Miss Santha Rau, daughter of Indian Ambassador, author of best-seller in America, "Return to India," dancing with Flight-Lieutenant A. E. Bell, R.A.A.F., of Victoria, at British Embassy.

RECEPTION. Mr. R. L. G. Challis, New Zealand representative; Mrs. Ewing and her husband, Mr. James Ewing, head of U.K. Purchasing and Selling Mission; and Mrs. R. Hopkins, wife of Brigadier Hopkins, C.O., 34th Brigade (Australian), at General Robertson's reception at Marunouchi Hotel. Pictures by Army Public Relations photographer, Sgt. Ernie Mann.

CHEERY GROUP. Major S. J. Warrell, of Melbourne, manager of Marunouchi Hotel, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Warrell, Lieut.-Commander Sharpe, British Naval Liaison Officer, Yokohama, at reception at hotel.

HOST AND GUESTS. General H. C. H. Robertson (right) with General A. P. Kislenko, head of U.S.S.R. Mission; Mrs. Macaulay, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Macaulay, Chief of Staff, BCOF, H.Q.; and Brigadier H. Wrigley, Commercial Counsellor, Australian Mission, at reception given by General Robertson.

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WORTH Reporting

STAR witness at the recent Royal Commission on State railways in Western Australia was Mr. Corentin Valery Honner, who has made a life-long study of railways.

A clerk in a wheat firm, Mr. Honner worked on railways for only five days in his life—during the influenza epidemic of 1922.

Talking with him later, we learned that railways were a passion with him, and that never a day passed without his thinking of their problems.

"Most small boys show an interest in trains, but it passes like measles, never to recur," he told us.

"But I not only enjoyed watching trains, I wanted to know the why of them. All books dealing with them, however superficial, however technical, were grist to my mill.

"I held a problem in my mind until I had solved it. I sought the company of railwaymen. I had friends from the top to the bottom."

Mr. Honner said he preferred a ramble through a goods yard to a game of contract bridge, would rather set himself a problem of transport than plant roses in his garden.

He would imagine, for instance, that it became necessary at short notice to shift five trainloads of cattle from Yalgoo to Waroona, W.A. Then he would set to work to effect the movement with the minimum of alteration to existing rostered trains.

Into his calculations would have to come "time off" provisions according to industrial awards.

The Royal Commission at which Mr. Honner gave evidence inquired into numerous aspects of management, working, and control.

In his voluntary evidence he said that railways in Western Australia were a drag on the Treasury and offered several reasons, among them: political interference; system of promotion; job control by individual railway unions; lack of co-operation between management and employees; lack of responsibility, not only on the part of employees, but by the general public, who considered any Government instrumentality as fair game.

Among his suggestions: Abolition of two-class trains and a policy to be pursued in view of the Commonwealth's proposals for unification of gauge.

Note: We asked Mr. Honner if he had been fond of toy trains as a child. Not at all. It was the real thing or nothing for him.

* — * *

TWO books in great demand in London libraries are "Tudor Triangle," by Winifred Carter, and "Links in the Chain of Life," by Baroness Orczy.

"Tudor Triangle" is the story of Catherine Parr, who loved a distinguished Tudor sailor but was forced to become Henry VIII's sixth wife. "Links in the Chain of Life" is the autobiography of Baroness Orczy, who died last month.

Animal Antics

"Come, Miss Loredale! Just a wee bit louder!"

Strong resemblance

FORMER Federal Treasurer R. G. Casey, strap-hanging on a crowded Melbourne tram the other evening, didn't bat an eyelid when a fellow passenger informed him he looked just like Mr. Casey.

"As a matter of fact I am frequently taken for him," he remarked with classic simplicity.

Came in handy

ON a recent rainy evening an executive of a Sydney office was irritated as he left to note that none of the typewriters was covered.

He was crosser still as he reflected that the machines all had new, transparent plastic covers, which should surely inspire the typists.

The girls had used them, but not on the machines. As he left the building and dived through the sudden afternoon downpour he saw a bunch of the girls boarding a tram. All wore the covers on their heads.

* * *

WE entered a city lift the other day at the same time as a woman with a small boy. She asked of the driver: "Can you tell me what floor Santa Claus is on?" "I'm very sorry, Madam," replied the lift-driver civilly, "but Santa Claus has just gone out to lunch."

Portrait painter

SECRET of the natural expression captured by former European Court portrait painter Professor Nicola Michailow, who has arrived in Australia to make his home in Melbourne, lies in the conversational powers of his daughter Olga.

She's his inseparable companion and "sits in" at all his portrait sittings, chatting in French, German, Bulgarian, or English to the people he paints, so that they will sit relaxed.

Michailow, a Bulgarian, has painted most of the crowned heads of Europe, and many members of New York's 400.

Olga keeps up a flow of small talk for two hours at a time to sitters.

She says she never feels diffident in the presence of the mighty because cultured people the world over have common interests.

Professor Michailow plans to paint notable Australians.

Town planner

BRITISH town-planning authority, Clough Williams - Ellis, who recently paid a whirlwind visit to Australia with his author-lecturer wife, is a tall, distinguished-looking Welshman, who is an enthusiast on his subject.

He is chairman of Stevenage Corporation, the first of three big self-contained towns planned under the scheme for rebuilding Greater London.

Stevenage will take 15 years to complete, will cost £30,000,000.

"We shall have garden suburbs, attractively designed smokeless, air-conditioned factories. Houses and blocks of flats will be grouped together rather like the petals of a flower, with community amenities in the centre," he said.

Mr. Williams-Ellis says that the days of "isolationist households" are over.

The new suburban houses and flats will be equipped with small kitchenettes for snacks, but community dining-rooms will relieve the housewife's burden.

Rubbish will be carried away in underground pipes. A central hot-water supply will service a whole neighborhood.

Amenity centres will include libraries for study, writing and music rooms, with small practice rooms for children.

Perfumed disinfectant

DEATH will certainly be sweet in future for many of the germs, moths, silverfish, and other such pests which trouble human beings.

They'll die midst the exquisite aroma of lavender, black narcissus, violet, hawthorn, or any one of a number of perfumed flowers.

Maybe they'll like it.

We certainly liked the aromas of the dozen or so bottles of perfumed disinfectant young Sydney accountant Ray Johnson showed us the other day when he explained that germ and pest killing can be a sweet-smelling job.

Ray is the Australian agent for the disinfectant, which is used in many British workshops, factories, theatres, and passenger ships.

It is said to be 105 times more powerful than pure carbolic acid, but is non-poisonous and non-corrosive.

Ray tells us that judging from the sales of the disinfectant in Australia we shall soon be smelling one or other of its perfumes in theatres, large stores and shops, aeroplanes, and tourist coaches.

He's happy about the whole thing, and assured us that he's going to sell it in small quantities for household use as soon as he can arrange production in Australia.

D.P.s from Baltic

WHEN the transport General Heinzelman, bringing displaced persons from the Baltic countries, arrived in Australia, we received a letter from Jess Aland, Australian girl working with the International Refugee Organisation in Europe, who knows many of the passengers.

"As several of the clerks and typists previously worked in the health division of I.R.O. here at Heidelberg," she said, "I had a busy time answering questions about living conditions in Canberra, where the girls expect to work.

"When these girls arrive they will be dressed far too well to represent the average displaced person, but I would like you to remember that they have all been employed by the International Refugee Organisation, received regular good food, and were paid for their services in both German marks and American dollars.

"So they had the means to get a few things together with the aid of friendly Americans who would shop for them in the Officers' Clothing Store, where so many attractive lines are on sale for dependents.

"I do hope Australia is prepared to welcome these D.P.s and give them a chance to be judged on their merits. All of them have known some pretty lean times since they left their own countries."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

I said I'd drop you out of the act if you didn't lend me your RINSO!

You'll fall for RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS for SPEEDY washing-up

2.25/.22

Thrilling reading for all the family—Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-.

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Fiftieth Christmas of gifts by Cyclax

LONDON NEW YORK MELBOURNE

Through five reigns of English Sovereigns, Cyclax has woven a thread of beauty into the tapestry of time. Today, women the world over rely on Cyclax to protect their priceless heritage of natural loveliness. Dearest of all to a woman's heart is the inspiration and delight of a gift by Cyclax.

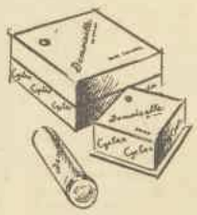
GAY MORNING PERFUME.

Fresh as a breath of meadow-sweet from an English field; to match her care-free summer mood! 12/8.

DEMOISELLE

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

Specially created for the young in years. Four, entirely new, light hearted colour ensembles. Rouge 5/6, Lipstick 8/3, Face Powder 3/6. "Rosemary" "Marigold" "Prudence" "Victoria"



DEMOISELLE COFFRET.

A charming Cyclax presentation Coffret to win the heart of the Young in Years. Containing Lipstick, Rouge and Face Powder in "Rosemary" "Marigold" "Prudence" or "Victoria" 19/3.

DE LUXE FACE POWDER.

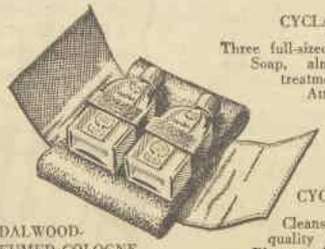
Super-fine Face Powder for the very sensitive skin, elegantly boxed in a delightful, Orchid Pink, satin finish container with special medallion tipped opener. The shades are: Apricot, Pale Peach, Peach, Rose Rachel Peach Bronze and Summer Gold. 33/-.

TRAVEL CASE.

All essential Cyclax Preparations compactly contained in a fitted, fine leather-finished case. Colours are Navy, Red, Black, Fawn, Bottle Green or Brown. Detachable mirror. 24/12/8.

CYCLAX SKIN SOAP.

Three full-sized tablets of Cyclax Skin Soap, almost a beauty treatment in itself. Attractively boxed at 15/-.

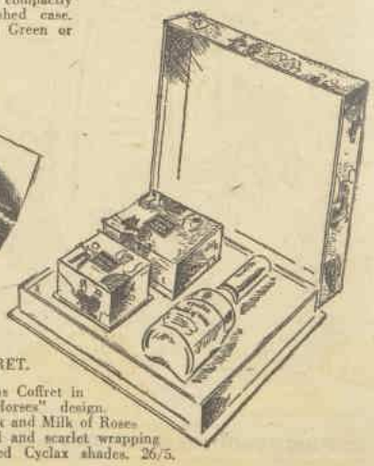


CYCLAX LOTION PURSE.

Cleansing Lotion and Day Lotion in a quality grained-leather pouchette. Red, Blue, or Black embossed in Gold. 11/7.

SANDALWOOD-PERFUMED COLOGNE and DUSTING POWDER.

From morning till evening, and on till morn again, the delicate fragrance of the Cyclax Sandalwood series will keep you cool and lovely. Sandalwood Cologne 13/9 and 24/9. Sandalwood Dusting Powder 8/10 and 14/10. Sandalwood Dusting Powder in Sprinkler Box 8/3. In charming, pastel-toned English Packages.



COACH AND HORSES COFFRET.

A gay Christmas Coffret in a traditional English "Coach and Horses" design. Containing Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick and Milk of Roses boxed in the same colourful blue, gold and scarlet wrapping as the Coffret. In all the well loved Cyclax shades. 26/5.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785162

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

LACE OVERSKIRT gives last year's black cocktail frock the new look.

WITH such sweeping fashion changes as we have had this season, every woman is facing the problem of giving her outmoded dresses the new look.

One girl asks how to bring a black cocktail dress up to date, so the advice I am giving her may be of assistance to many readers.

Here is her letter:

New look for old

"I WOULD particularly like your advice about renovating a good black crepe cocktail dress. The dress has a high neckline, 1946 style shoulders, natural waist, long cuffed sleeves, and a just-to-the-knee skirt. I want to wear the dress to several New Year parties, but, as it is, it is too outmoded."

Give your dress the new look with a black lace overskirt of the new length: 14 inches from the ground. I would also advise you to cut the neckline of the bodice to a boat-shape, and shorten or push the sleeves to below-elbow length.

If the skirt of the original design is not extra slim, take it in at the side seams. The lace overskirt should be 14 inches from the floor.

To make a full, all-round gathered skirt, you will need to buy 4yds. 36in. lace (if you are extra small and slight, 3yds. 36in. lace will be sufficient for the job), 1½yds. of 2in wide velvet ribbon will make an attractive waistband—it can be black or in a contrasting color according to your own taste.

For Barrier Reef

"I AM going to the Barrier Reef for a fortnight next April, and would like to plan my wardrobe now. I have plenty of beach clothes and a cotton evening dress. Would they be correct? I do want my holiday to be a success in every way, but I really can't afford to buy a wardrobe of new clothes."

Beach clothes will form the basic part of your vacation wardrobe. You will also need a pair of drill slacks or a pair of bib-and-brace working overalls (the latter are uncouponed) for walking, as the going can be tough. Stout comfortable walking shoes and a raincoat are also essentials.

You will be glad at times of a warm jacket, or, if you prefer it, a wool sweater or a wool shirt. Pack your cotton evening dress, you may or may not wear it. However, it will take up very little space in your suitcase, and it might be pleasant to have it if you feel like sticking up at night. I do hope your holiday will be a great success.

SWISS MUSLIN is charming for a flower-girl at a formal wedding.

Dress for flower-girl

"WHAT type of dress would be suitable for a small girl, aged four years, to wear as a flower-girl at a formal afternoon wedding? I have some white Swiss muslin embroidered in flower motifs. Do you consider this material dressy enough for the occasion?"

Embroidered muslin would be charming for a very small flower-girl as the wedding is formal. I advise you to have the child's dress floor-length, with the fullest possible skirt the material will allow. A wreath of forget-me-not or any small flowers worn in the hair, and a posy to match, would be attractive accessories. Later you could cut the dress to the child's regular skirt length.

Smart while pregnant

"I AM having my first baby, and am faced with the problem of many young wives during pregnancy—trying to keep attractive and smart on a moderate budget. If you could give me some fashion advice on this subject I am sure you will not only help cheer me, but hundreds of other young expectant mothers."

The first thing to consider is your silhouette. Since the lines of your figure will be disorderly for six months, the logical thing is to see that the lines of your clothes are precise and clean cut.

Keep your necklines unconfused, gloves short, coiffure close, feet neat. Forget color as a camouflage, and choose colors that really do things for you. Choose good materials.

About designs. Any version of a tunic is good for night or day. It is best worn with a straight skirt. A one-piece dress in any neat design with a secret panel made to expand is practical. A three-quarter-length swing coat is smart as well as good camouflage. Lastly, have a small wardrobe; six months is only a short-time span, and the smaller the wardrobe the easier it will be to keep spotless and fresh.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Town and country

"I HAVE a problem with my wardrobe. We live several hours from a large city, which makes it necessary to have clothes that are suitable for town and country. I am a married woman, with a young family. After dressing the children I find there are not too many pennies to spare for my own wardrobe. As I like to look smart and well-dressed, I hoped you might give me some helpful hints about wardrobe-planning."

Very often the only difference between a town dress and a country dress lies in its accessories. In planning your wardrobe I advise you to have all your clothes designed on classic lines, and identify the locality by the accessories.

For instance, a classic suit will look perfect in town if it is accompanied by a white pique waistcoat, wristbone-length gloves, jewelled lapel ornament, chic hat, and large, underarm-envelope bag.

The same suit looks casual and countrified worn with a tailored shirt blouse, cotton handknit gloves, over-the-shoulder handbag, and classic hat. A cartwheel hat in striped dress fabric, with matching handbag and gloves, will complete a smart town outfit for either a suit or dress. During really hot weather a fresh linen or cotton dress, clean white gloves, and crisp straw hat are a perfect warm weather outfit in any place.

Continuing . . . Week-end

from page 4

JANET thought those eyes, Keith Douglass' eyes, dark but gleaming, must grow weary of office and efficient bachelor girls. "Good morning. Good-night. Did you have a nice week-end?" Still, he must have a firm, well-made life. Was he lonely or was he simply looked up? Where was the key to him?

She remembered his hands, surprisingly square over a telephone, and the pause as if he would have liked not to answer the phone, but the hand always won.

She had the idea that Mr. Douglass knew all about self-discipline, even in wealth. The point arose—as she put shoe-trees into her excellent but resoled black shoes— was self-discipline in wealth as difficult as self-discipline on a budget?

Janet liked her room. It had a small alcove and mantelpiece on which she had placed two figurines. There was a big chair striped black and pink, and her rug was sea-green.

Sometimes she would stand in her room and a feeling would push behind her eyes. Because it was here, and so different from the enormous bedrooms at home, each with a fireplace. She did not permit herself tears.

At this moment she loved the room. She made the coffee strong, sliced the apples in thick slices.

After she had eaten and put the dishes away it seemed to Janet that in the midst of stillness something clamored. It could be pushed aside with radio and rustle of pattern paper for a blouse she was making. All the week she could say to the clamor: "I'm busy, I'll have to have time to think," and suddenly this was the time, and she did not want to think.

Of what? About working and being a person, and what the days were adding up to. One year and three months of it. There was a box of notepaper on her desk, and she could, if she wanted, start writing her weekly letter home.

Dear family . . .

But the paper was not adequate. Not large enough. If she started, she would spill over.

Dear family . . . (This meant her mother and Aunt Lily and, unsaid but understood, Ella, the elderly maid.)

You didn't need much money in the country, or what you had seemed plenty. A piece of ribbon, a recollared dress, a smile and a nod. The languorous four p.m. time, the mornings, waking in a large dim room, and Ella bringing up tea on a round copper tray that shone—in memory, it shone.

Dear family . . . The salary is fair. It's fun to drop into a newsreel, watch the crowd, copy a hat put stingily in a window by an expensive milliner . . . But, you know—city men are frosty. They are generous to charities described in folders, but sealed up against women . . . There are so many women here. Striding girls and hordes of lean women in amusing hats . . . It doesn't mean much any more, just to be pretty and have good manners.

Dear family . . .

Janet did not start her letter, but left the notepaper out.

Once she had read an article about working girls. Firmly the article instructed its readers: "You can be popular in the city." Choral societies, for instance—"Do you like to sing?" Yes, Janet had agreed, she had sung a lot.

So she looked up some choral groups. The ones without heavy subscriptions were dreary affairs where middle-aged men and women clustered, their faces hopeful.

It seemed that persons who had anything the least more important to do than sing were somewhere doing it.

Janet shivered, thinking of the choral societies. She pinned part of a paper pattern across her chest and looked into a mirror so that she could get the idea of how the blouse would be.

She wondered why she bothered. The blouse was too dressy for the office. Why did she bother? You kept your hair done, your nails manicured, the seams of your stockings straight. Over and over again. It was all too much. Or gave too little in return.

To-morrow she had an engagement. This would give a fillip to Saturday. All day that boy's face would filter through the city noise. She had met him, Andrew, through the friend of her mother's she'd had to look up.

He was fair and wiry. He was a serious human. All his life, no doubt, he had been serious—about himself. He was going to evening classes and paying into an annuity, and also catching up on a dental bill. One felt these matters with Andrew. Fun itself was serious, a requisition from life. So much sleep, food, improvement—and fun.

He had not known popularity, but then he had been very busy. He had an anxious smile, and, having met Janet, he rather fastened on her. She tried to think she liked him. Something very ancient and feminine made her spread her mental wings over the word "pity" and call it "like."

"Smithers, you're fired, and Bagley, you're discharged!"

To-morrow there would be Andrew, so that to-morrow became simply waiting for six o'clock. But she resolved to do a number of things first. The blouse would be good-looking at a table and she had a big new off-the-face hat.

Janet looked out on the street. It was absolutely empty. The windows of the house across the way were dark, except one on the fourth floor. She and that person were at home. Where did people alone go?

She dropped the curtain, turned off the lamp. Going to bed, she made hardly a sound. Lying in bed she saw the outline of the stationery box. She must write a letter this week-end.

Dear family . . .

Saturday was bright, and Janet had a lot to do.

She cleaned her flat, took down curtains and shook them out. Everything responded to her work. Still it was only eleven o'clock. She could go to some nice place for lunch, or write her letter, though she shied away from the letter.

To-morrow she would write home, after seeing Andrew, talk about the blouse she had made, what they had done. She felt a pressure in her throat suddenly. At home they had always thought young girls had so much fun. Aunt Lily had been a great belle, parties after parties. Older women looked at young girls with love in their eyes, seeing in every pleasure their own all over again.

Janet had never described Mr. Douglass to her mother. Her mother would have been confused—a very nice young man, but someone who didn't take Janet out.

Even now, as Janet dressed for the afternoon, she realised that the office had become her life and that the man in the office had become more real than the boy, Andrew, she would see to-night. And she knew her rebellion was age-old. The metronome of business relationship was too undeviating, too unsatisfying. Underneath, her own heart was beating.

When she walked along the streets she judged each window display as applied to her work. Would that green suit look well set against a background of sky?

IN the doorway of Mr. Douglass' office, would it make her pale?

Yellow was in all the windows. Yellow of sunny sand dunes. [illegible] had to be free to feel t[illegible] these colors, go to the pla[illegible] they existed. Scrambling [illegible] sand and feeling a sea wi[illegible] face. Testing the hours [illegible] one you liked a lot. Who [illegible]

Once Mr. Douglass [illegible] back from some reso[illegible] browned. Formally, sh[illegible] "Did you have a [illegible] day?" The pattern of business politeness could be drawn on a little piece of paper: 9 a.m. — Good-morning; 5 p.m. — Good-night; 5 p.m., Friday — Have a nice week-end; 9 a.m., Monday — Did you have a nice week-end?

But that time Mr. Douglass hadn't said, "Yes, thank you." His eyes, black and fathomless, had seemed to look at her as if he was not sure he knew Janet. He replied: "What? Oh, yes, good enough."

And all that day she had had a weighted-down feeling that he had missed happiness. And it disturbed her. Where was happiness, then? If a healthy young bachelor with no ties, a good position and innumerable friends could not be happy, how could one medium-salaried girl pit herself against life in the city?

He was kind. She knew his special type of kindness. Anonymous gift to a sick office-boy. For office collectors—"If you need more, let me know." The gift was given, but the man himself withdrawn.

Janet felt that sometimes he would do more but did not know how. Of himself, he could not give. It was something in the city. Neighborliness was a plant that could not grow there.

After lunch she did not want to go back home and wait for six o'clock. It was a day to be out in, to be alone in, so she went to the art gallery.

It was crowded with people shuffling past the heavy frames. This at least was real, Janet thought.

Please turn to page 22

KLIPPER PURE WOOL TIES and Dressing Gowns are Now Obtainable from all Stores and Mercers throughout Australia.

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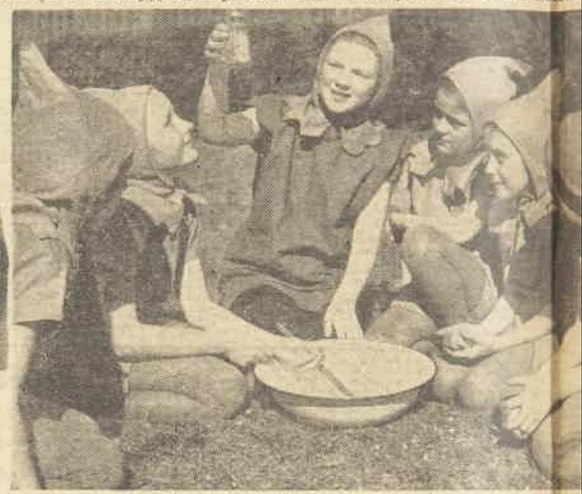
IT'S THE SEASON OF SCHOOL BREAK-UP PLAYS

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" is Christmas play choice of Hornsby School, Sydney. Here Barry Sonter (Thisbe) and Norman Suffolk (Pyramus) do the comic death scene.

Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

JUNIOR BOYS at "Shore," Sydney, chose and arranged "Under th Skull and Bones." Here Captain Cutlass (Jim McGrath), Slit-Gizzar Bill (Ian Anstey), and pirates discuss disposal of stolen treasur



GOBLINS mix the magic cakes which change the characters of Hig waymen in "The Highwaymen and the Cakes," played by Form Tw pupils at the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar Scho

MOST Australian schools are including at least one play in their Christmas break-up celebrations. Dramatic work is popular with pupils and provides senior students with an interesting and sure method of familiarising themselves with Shakespeare and examination pieces. For junior pupils it is sheer pleasure, and teachers usually choose for them an apparently light-hearted play which carries a worthwhile message. The day when only children with acting ability or good speaking voices could take part in a play is gone. To-day the complete production is usually placed in the hands of pupils so that each child has some little interest in it, and is encouraged to develop some latent talent.

ACTORS are helped into their Grecian robes by classmates. Every boy in class 2A at Hornsby shares in the production of the play. Those not acting make props, robes, and scenery, and do all the back-stage work.

MOONSHINE (Bill Britten) and Helena (Reg Smee) are treated by make-up men. Discarded lip-sticks and rouge pots of mothers and sisters provide color, and white talcum powder is applied freely amid hearty jeers.

OSCAR WILD School busy wi McAllan) try

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GALLOPING DICK (Judith Hinley), after eating the Cake of Kindness, ceases to be hard-hearted and is driven off by a scornful gang. S.C.E.G.G.S. girls have a "play day" each term and present both serious and light plays. Seniors produce and arrange their own.

"The Importance of being Earnest" kept Fourth Year girls at North Sydney Girls' High rehearsals. Here girls rehearse Act 2. Algernon (Beverley Noldt) and Jack (Mary to please the disillusioned Cecily (Pat Cleland) and Gwendolin (Gretel Gardener).

GOVERNESS Miss Prism (Janet Vance) "sets her cap" at Dr. Chasuble (Jean Wand). Maid is Margaret Gee.

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Week-end

Continued from page 19

PEOPLE did reach out to beauty in their own way. She leaned forward to look at a still-life crammed with detail. She could not resist putting a finger out to touch a realistic bunch of grapes, and a custodian shouted at her: "Now, miss, don't touch!"

Janet turned away, but not before she had looked into the man's old, angry eyes—a man on his job and not liking it very much. In his rebuke, though she knew it was silly of her, the whole impersonal mood of the city spoke. It was like a physical blow to Janet and she rushed out of the building.

She was weary. It was only three o'clock. Three o'clock on a Saturday.

She went home and made herself a cup of tea. At last it was time to dress and rather meanly she got all ready, even to the new hat. If Andrew had any idea of becoming glued to her sofa while she whipped together a delicious little supper, the hat would discourage him.

"Oh," they said in articles, "a business girl can be a hostess . . . specialise in an omelet or your own different kind of salad dressing . . . that young man of yours will think you're twice as clever as you really are . . ."

No, thank you, Janet thought. I've worked all the week at a desk. I've mended things. I want to go out.

And it was true. Andrew tried not to see her hat. He came, a tall, sharply pressed young man, without flowers; but then, he was going to evening classes; and he did sit on her couch and put out his legs and sigh once or twice.

Bringing out her well-tailored black coat, she was sprightly, she chattered at him, trying to break through his satisfied, serious exterior and see if there were no element of daring, no dream within.

He did not ask about her work, but of course men did not believe women really worked.

He knew she got a salary, but that she might put in intelligent, hard-pushed hours never occurred to him.

"What would you like to do?" Andrew said, helping her on with her coat. Even his hands were reluctant, holding the coat.

Janet got him away quickly, just as he was discovering she had a mah-jong set on her bookcase. Janet's spirits rose. At least she was out of doors with a man on Saturday night. She walked with quick steps beside Andrew.

"It's a lovely night. *Look, there's* the first star." Even with Andrew, she could not escape her part, and the appearing of the first star.

He agreed momentously that it was a fine evening. "I have two classes next week. I expect I'll be spending all to-morrow studying."

Janet thought fleetingly of Keith Douglass—the way he dictated letters, swept through a mass of detail. The way he cheerfully outlined plans, promises of help, over the phone.

A warm feeling flooded Janet's heart, thinking of Douglass. She was able to turn to Andrew and say brightly: "But that won't be for long, Andrew. These classes are only a stepping-stone for you."

He lifted his chest. "That's right, and nothing's going to stand in my way. Why, look Janet, the real successes in this world are without sentiment, they're ruthless. Nothing is going to sidetrack my success. I'll save and work, and some day when the other fellow is feeding pigeons in the park I'll be on top."

Andrew's thin mouth closed like a clamp. Janet fought depression. The idea of Andrew being ruthless, of his riding over the other fellow's little hopes and plans, seemed unbearable. She felt the world needed more than that. Most of all, love.

They ate at a cafe, where Janet took minestrone along with other things, but Andrew seemed to have a small appetite. He looked with sardonic incomprehension when Janet tried to recognise a face here and there. About this world Andrew had no curiosity, and in it, no faith.

Later they went to a cinema.

Anyway, Janet thought, it's something to write home about. When Andrew left her at her door, suddenly sorry that it was over and trying to hold on to her hand, she stood back smiling. He was nice, but limited. Always behind him loomed another man, dark and vital, and it was no use reminding herself of the dubious setting of an office, the stifling barriers of business behaviours — her heart refused a substitute for Keith Douglass.

Indoors she went at once to her desk, because she felt like writing her letter now.

Dear family . . . The streets are so crowded that people walk in the road. Andrew and I have just been out . . .

She wrote on and on. Still, she could not finish it. As she wrote, the peacefulness and the laughter, the small overlapping dramas of a day at home rose in clouds before her inner eye and in between her words homesickness was crowding.

She left the letter unfinished. Tomorrow she could put in something about going to the art gallery.

Her flat was breathlessly still. Janet lay in bed and the whole day went tiredly through her mind, like slow technicolor. She had sung hard for her supper, trying to make Andrew merry. An impossibility. She went to sleep sighing.

On Sundays there was always the question of whether to have an early breakfast and then go for the paper, or to dash out for the paper and return to a long, leisurely breakfast.

Often at nine-thirty the side streets were dotted with girls slipping out for the paper. They would wear slacks, have old coats clutched about them. Each girl looked at another, slightly shocked, believing herself invisible.

Janet chose the paper first method, changing back into a housecoat for breakfast. In the mornings sun came into her flat, and her green rug shone like a carpet of grass. She made more coffee and read the ads. first, speculating on prices.

She read current events because her Aunt Lily took an interest in them and would write and ask Janet for opinions. And sometimes Mr. Douglass would refer to a speech, a funny foreign name.

In the four walls of her flat she prepared for Monday. There was some washing and ironing, a collection of gloves to put away, some bills to pay. On the electric plate a chop cooked slowly, but she made herself set the table with cloth and napkin. She heard footsteps going up and down the stairs outside, but she had never seen anyone. The tenants were names over doorbells.

After dinner she listened to a concert. Mendelssohn, she remembered from biographies, was supposed to have been one of the happier musicians. His music was happy, too. It made her walk about the room. If she could have stepped outside to a different setting she would have wanted to run and laugh. It was hard to be pent up.

After a while Janet made herself dress and go out. She walked and walked, hoping for exhaustion. It seemed that everywhere there were groups of couples, circles of people. They made colorful clusters in front of shop windows.

When she reached home it was dark again. She was used to coming into her place in the dark and turning on the light and feeling it was all hers.

The letter was lying unfinished on her desk. She wrote into it now a casual sentence. She didn't want to shock anyone. Who—the family? Perhaps she didn't want to shock herself. She would just slip into the letter a few words, nothing to get them too excited.

Dear family—and Ella, of course—In the city you can be lost. There are thousands of us girls living the way I do, mending their clothes and getting their hair done and going to work. I thought I might come home for a while again, but nothing is definite . . . don't worry about me . . .

Still, it would be enough to set her mother and aunt talking. They'd say to Ella: "Ella, you're going to have a big surprise."

Janet put her head on her desk and tried not to cry.

She sealed up the letter, putting it in her handbag. She laid out her gloves and hat and a white blouse.

The week-end was over until she came to it again on her calendar. She had rested. She had shopped, been to an art gallery and out to dinner, and listened to the radio. But none of it had been able to keep her from thinking about the letter and whether or not she would send what she had at last written.

She lay awake a long time because she wasn't really tired.

Monday at five fifteen — and the heart of the office was still. Everyone had left. Mondays were hard. People could hardly wait for a Monday to be over at the office.

JANET looked at Mr. Douglass' desk and saw he had scribbled an address on a pad and crossed it off. She tore the page off so that the pad would be clean, and kept the piece of paper, just in case.

The sky was clear and washed with a yellow light. She thought she would not wait for her star to appear. She put on her red fez and nodded to herself in the mirror, almost like a good-bye. She picked up her gloves—and turned at the sound of footsteps.

It was Keith Douglass. He said: "Hullo. What's this—you still here?"

It was the first time they had ever been completely alone in the whole office.

"I'm just going."

He took out a cigar[illegible] offered her a cigarette. [illegible] you working too hard [illegible]

Was he teasing? [illegible] fixed on her face w[illegible] terest. "I suppose you [illegible] the last one out."

She hated this kind of build-up, as if she needed a pat on the back.

"I'm afraid I potter about."

"Do you?" This, with a chuckle in his voice. "By the way, I left an address on my desk. Have you seen it?"

Janet colored. She went to her desk and produced the paper, smoothing it out.

"Thanks." He relaxed a bit, looking out at the skyline on the lemon sky. "Any chance of your coming with me and stopping somewhere for a drink?"

From dream to dream, it had been a long week-end. But this was reality.

Janet said: "Why, yes." She was glad her gloves were fresh-looking and her lipstick on right.

They went down in the lift and the lift man bounced on his toes, taking them both in with bright interest. He knew who they were. "Well," he said, nodding, "another day," and looked happy about the originality of his remark.

Mr. Douglass gave him a nudge in the back. "Joe, how do you keep so cheerful?"

The man grinned.

Janet remembered how the cheerfulness of the man had always seemed overdone to her. She thought of Andrew, who was going to be so ruthless. She looked at Douglass in his well-cut suit, crest of hair gleaming above his forehead.

He's real, she thought.

They walked along, they talked about little things, not the office, and a kind of gaiety matched the rhythm of their steps. Only once the thought crossed her mind, perhaps this is not the beginning . . . maybe this is the only time.

He took her arm as they came to a crossing. "You've always been such a contained little thing. I've often wondered if you liked your job—if you liked us, in fact. Are you happy?"

She hadn't posted her letter on the way to work, and now they were coming to a pillar-box. The letter was in her bag, the one that it had taken all the week-end to write . . . I think I may come home for a while . . .

They went past the pillar-box without stopping. Anyway, she would probably write another one—change it a bit.

Janet lifted her face—for he was tall—laughing.

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HAZEL

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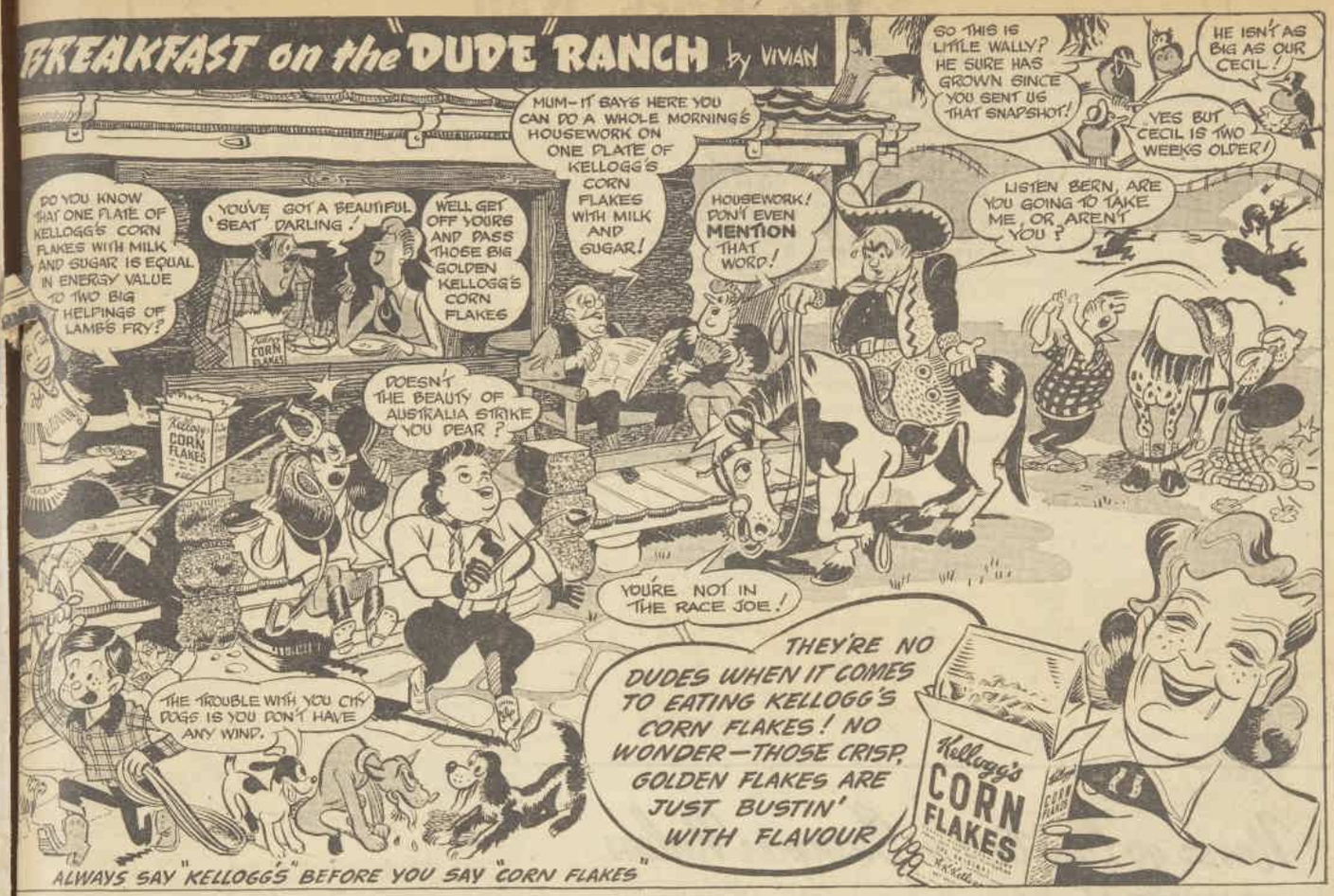

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The Brick Wall

Continued from page 7

DAISY nodded. "He seems awfully sure of himself. And the telephone call—he was up to something all right. I'll bet he got to Marshall some way."

"But how?" I said. "Marshall hates him. He wouldn't do anything Alex wanted him to do. He runs his own studio."

"Does he?" Daisy asked. "That's what I think we ought to find out. To-night. Marshall's running a big Press party at his place. We can crash it. You know how those things are. Josh, we ought to go."

"What's the use, Daisy?" I said. "Suppose Alex did pull something. What good would that do me now?"

"Are you going to take this lying down, Josh? Listen to me. Other people might have been in on this. You know how people talk after they've had a few drinks. No one knows where I stand . . . I could dig a little——"

"But I still don't see what good that would do——"

"Oh, stop it!" Daisy said. "Maybe there's a chance we can do something if you'd only fight a little. And how can you fight unless you know what you're fighting?"

"Oh, all right." I said hopelessly. "what can I lose?"

Daisy came over and sat down beside me.

"Josh, do you still think you love me?" she asked.

"I guess so," I said, looking at her. "I'll always love you, Daisy."

"And do you still want to marry me, Josh?"

"You know I do—but Alex is right. I'm sunk. He's got me exactly where he wants me——"

"You're not sunk," Daisy said, taking my hand. She held it against her breast and her voice broke

"I'll marry you any time you say, Josh," she said.

I had been bewildered before, but that was nothing.

"Daisy," I asked, "are you saying this just because Alex said——"

"Your father can't tell me what I can't do . . ."

I laughed almost hysterically. "You're priceless," I said. "I'll bet you'd even consider supporting me. Well, you don't have to do that. I'll start a hot-dog stand in Venice or something. I wouldn't want those four books of yours to suffer."

I didn't get very far with my line of chatter because Daisy was kissing me. Then she sighed. "I never was so happy in my life," she said. "Oh, Josh, it's so good to be in love."

I kissed her again.

"I think you're crazy," I said, "but you're just what I need in my business."

"What business?" Daisy asked dreamily.

"I'll let you know when I find out, honey."

Daisy jumped up.

"Josh, the party! We've got to get started."

Daisy and I got out of the convertible in front of the old Marshall house in Beverly Hills. Movie stars and Alex could have their spanking new chateaus in the fashionable celebrity pastures of Bel-Air, but Asa preferred to continue in the old Pickfair tradition. Marshall didn't have to be fashionable. A liveried attendant whisked the car away, and Daisy and I mounted the stone steps to the glittering foyer where some of the lesser odds and ends of Hollywood humanity were already stationed.

As each new arrival moved down the foyer under the blazing crystal chandelier there would be a moment's lull in the hum of conversation, and all heads would turn in unison, and all eyes would focus avidly on the newcomers.

These were mainly little picture people who wanted something from bigger picture people, and they waited in the foyer for the crumbs of smiles and nods that the important members of the Hollywood executive set might toss their way.

Almost anybody involved in pictures can manage to get into a big Hollywood Press party. I was not surprised to see Alex's switchboard operator, Betty Mae Allison, with Tex Barlow, the cowboy actor.

The drawing-room had an even bigger crystal chandelier hanging from its high ceiling. It was a real bedlam of chatter and party laughter, and people milling around with tall glasses in their hands. They all seemed to be having a very good time.

Here and there I recognised familiar characters, but other than a nod across bobbing heads, we didn't stop to talk.

The fact that we were in ordinary daytime clothes didn't bother anybody. There were plenty like us who didn't bother to dress. However, there were tails and tuxedos and quite a few bare female backs and nearly bare female fronts. The jewels, glittering self-consciously, were also out on display.

It wasn't quite as smart a crowd as you'd find at some of the smaller parties Alex had taken me to, but I think there were more famous movie faces per square yard than you'd see anywhere else on earth. Waiters, not always easily distinguished from guests, were circulating about with trays of canapes and drinks.

Daisy and I found the bar in another panelled room, a small room with a lower ceiling, and this, too, was crowded and noisy. Cigarette and cigar smoke made it practically a gas chamber.

"Not for me," I said to Daisy, after I had stuck my head in and pulled it out again. "Let's go out on the terrace for a breath of air and form our stratagems for action or whatever it is we're here for."

High, heavily draped pairs of french doors led from the drawing-room to the flagstoned terrace looking out over a broad landscaped lawn. There was no swimming-pool

I caught a waiter who was carrying Martinis with little white onions in them and got two of them. There was a quiet spot behind a set of squat, potted West Indian palms, and there was a fancy iron garden bench set smack against them.

Daisy sat down on it, and I sat next to her, and before we finished our drinks I managed to kiss her twice. Daisy had to remind me what we had come for.

"You never lose sight of your objective, do you, Daisy? I'll knock off this drink and then look around for some likely prospects."

Daisy thought we'd better split up.

"Then meet here in half an hour," she said.

"Okay," I said, "sprinkle some rice so I can find you if I lose you."

I kissed her once more, and we went back into the house.

I didn't get any farther than the french doors of the terrace, and the information I wanted was almost shoved down my throat.

Afterwards I wondered why I had never thought of Betty Mae Allison as a prospective informer when I first saw her out there in the foyer. She had gotten loose from Tex somehow, had obviously had more than her share of the drink that was flowing so freely.

"Joshy," she said, almost falling into my arms. "Poor Joshy, how he's been rooked."

I pulled Betty Mae back of the palms and sat her down on the same garden-seat I had shared with Daisy a few moments before.

"What do you mean, Allison?" I asked. "What do you mean I've been rooked?"

Betty Mae didn't mind talking at all, but she liked to do other things besides listening in on private phone conversations. She was quite honest about it. I was so sore I shook her.

"Listen, Allison," I said. "You'll talk here or I'll beat the life out of you."

"Oooooh, Josh," she said, ecstatically. She closed her eyes and waited. I just sat there and glared at her with anger piling up in me. Betty Mae finally opened her eyes.

"A kiss, Joshy," she said, "just one little kiss. Then we'll talk."

I'm not usually backward, and perhaps if it had been the night before I wouldn't have hesitated a second. But I had just kissed Daisy, and though I would have done almost anything to get Betty Mae to talk, I just couldn't do it. But I didn't have to worry, for just then somebody slapped Betty Mae so hard that the wind whistled through my hair.

"Listen," Daisy said. "You talk or don't show your face at the office to-morrow, because sure as you're drunk I'll get you fired. And you know Alex Hanley. If he finds out you started to tell, he'll see you never work in the whole State of California again!"

Betty understood then and she talked. It's too involved to tell it all here, and Betty didn't have the complete story. But there was enough. Enough to satisfy me.

Alex had powerful banking friends in foreign and American banking circles, men he had made particularly excellent contacts with during the war, when he was just about the most important figure in film-propaganda work with Washington. Through some of these Alex had discovered that Marshall was having difficulty with his post-war foreign export market.

If Alex used his influence he could hold up Marshall's foreign distribution for a while at least.

Alex had made phone calls to New York, Washington, and one to Paris. Then he had put through just one local call to Marshall at his studio.

THEN Marshall called off "The Midas Touch." It had all been very simple . . .

"You'd better wipe off Betty's lipstick," Daisy said, after Betty Mae left us alone. "You look like you've been eating huckleberry pie."

"I feel like the pie has been eating me," I retorted. "Daisy, it's no use. I told you before we came, there's nothing we can do." I got up.

"Let's get out of here," I said. "I'll take you home, baby."

"You will not," she said. "Let's go to your place and talk. I mean Kingman's place. I'll make a lot of coffee."

I tried not to show how hopeless I really felt. Daisy still acted as though there was still something we could do, but I knew when I was licked so far as the movies were concerned. I had only one more possible chance. To come crawling back to Alex—and I wasn't going to do that. I'd starve first.

"Darling," Daisy asked on the drive to Kingman's, "do you think Betty Mae Allison has sex appeal?"

"No," I lied.

It was not quite ten o'clock and Harry Kingman was home. He was on the sofa feeling sorry for himself. I wanted to turn around and walk right out again, but Daisy wouldn't let me. She still wanted to make coffee, and she wanted to talk. Harry said he only wanted to die.

"Never get a break like that one again," he muttered. "Never, never, never." He was lying with his face turned toward the wall, and his moaning made me want to boot him one. That helped me feel less sorry for myself.

"Oh, shut up," I said, "you still have your job at the studio. And you got plenty of dough for 'The Midas Touch,' even if it was shelved."

I went into the kitchen to help Daisy with the coffee.

"When we're married, darling," she said, turning the flame up, "I'll be the best wife you ever had."

"That's easy. I've never had a wife."

She looked at me gravely. "We'll work something out, you'll see. And I'll write, too. You—you won't mind, will you, Josh, if I keep on writing?"

I laughed. "You can cut me in little pieces, honey," I said, "and it will be all right with me. Only what are we going to get married on? I haven't even got a job."

"You've got yourself, and you've got me," she said, fiercely. "I believe in you."

I was touched, and I tried to tell her so. I said awkwardly, "It's just that your faith in me when I'm such a failure kind of embarrasses me—"

"Take a good look at Kingman," she said, lowering her voice. "He's a failure, even when he's successful. Josh, you'll never be like that."

I laughed again and pulled her to me.

"Daisy," I said, "if you want me to make good—I'll think of something. Maybe I could shoot Alex—" I was grinning.

It was the telephone that interrupted me. I answered it.

"Yeah?" I said. It was the Englishman, Smith.

"Had the devil of a time finding you, Hanley. Been trying since early this evening. Is it too late for that drink?"

"Wait a minute," I said, then, "would you mind if I brought my girl along?"

"Be delighted."

We made arrangements to meet in the bar of his hotel.

After I hung up I wondered why on earth I'd said yes to him on this night of all nights. I hardly felt in the mood to talk to a stranger. I was on the verge of calling him back, but Daisy said she couldn't find any sugar for the coffee, anyway, so we left Kingman to his solitary misery and pushed off.

The Flamingo bar had no flamingos in it. It was just an intimate, softly lighted pink satin room with a night-black mirror ceiling and the vaguest hint of twinkling stars overhead. The murmur of voices was discreet and low, and enormously restful.

Please turn to page 26

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The Brick Wall

Continued from page 24

WE found Cyril Smith tucked away against a wall behind a corner table. He got up quickly and I introduced Daisy, and then we all sat down. Daisy and I together, naturally, with the Britisher across the table facing us.

There was something friendly and nice the way Daisy and Smith took to each other right away. We all relaxed and I was suddenly glad we had come. I could see that Daisy was, too. A waiter came over and we ordered our drinks and then he drifted away again.

"I'm afraid," I said, after the preliminary courtesies, "I'm afraid you're going to have to do most of the talking, Mr. Smith. I don't seem to have much to say to-night."

Smith looked at me gravely.

"I have a great deal to say," he told us, "but I hardly know where to begin."

Daisy and I looked at each other, wondering what was coming next. She slipped her hand to me under the table, and I think Smith noticed it because a hint of a smile twitched at the corner of his mouth.

"I have," he said slowly, "been having some conversations with Axa Marshall concerning 'The Midas Touch'—"

For a second my heart jumped, then hope died swiftly when I thought of Alex.

"Thanks for trying," I said, "but Marshall couldn't produce the picture if he wanted to." I hesitated a moment, then I thought: What the heck, I'll tell him. I started on Alex.

"You don't understand, Hanley," Smith said. "You see I'm trying to buy the story from Marshall. I like it tremendously, and I want to produce it at Denham."

I sucked in my breath. I asked about the price. He said it was stiff, but within his budget. I thought: Well, it's an ill wind—

"I'm glad for Kingman," I said. "The poor guy thought he'd never see his name on a . . ."

Smith leaned forward slightly.

"I was thinking of you, Josh," he said.

I felt Daisy's hand squirm in mine, and I held on to it tightly.

"Me?" I choked. I didn't dare think.

"I want you to come to England with me and produce it. You'll have complete charge."

"Are you serious?" I said. "Why me?"

"It's your picture," he said, "and you've done a superb job with it so far. I've been going over your schedules and estimates with Marshall and he thinks you're quite remarkable. You started with a two-day handicap, and you were two days ahead of your shooting schedule yesterday.

He paused, and I sat speechless.

"You've shown amazing efficiency and decision, and you seem to have a decent respect for a budget," he went on. "It's rare to find a director who knows exactly what he wants to do, and does it with the minimum of time, effort and expense . . ."

I turned to Daisy.

"Did you hear the same thing I did?" I asked her. She had both hands clinging to mine now, and she just nodded.

"Say you'll accept," Smith said. "Your father won't be able to touch us. I'll guarantee that."

"Mr. Smith," Daisy said softly, "Mr. Smith, I love you."

He wasn't embarrassed.

"What," Daisy asked, "what about the footage Josh has already shot?"

Smith shook his head.

"We'll have to scrap that and start all over again. There will have to be a British cast . . ." His voice slowed down as he and Daisy stared at each other. "Naturally, we'll have to build new sets and . . ." His voice stopped.

My spine tingled as I watched the two of them.

"Would you—would you buy 'The Midas Touch' if Josh decides not to go to England?" Daisy asked.

"Wait a minute!" I began. Daisy squeezed my hand sharply, and this time it hurt. I shut up.

Smith looked at Daisy thoughtfully for a moment. Then he smiled. "You're a sharp girl, Daisy. I'd have a try at the same thing myself first."

I was confused, and I said so, but Daisy was very patient.

"Look, Josh," she said, "I'll try to explain it to you, and if I'm wrong Mr. Smith can set me straight. 'The Midas Touch' merely serves as a vehicle to get you to England. Any other good story would probably do as well," she smiled.

"For some reason of his own, Mr. Smith is primarily interested in helping you escape your father's domination. I don't know why he's doing it, but he likes you, and he's trying to help."

Smith nodded. I started to interrupt.

"Wait a minute," Daisy went on. "Mr. Smith understands that you, as an American, Josh, would much rather continue to make American pictures in your own country, and it's all right with him if you use his offer as a club over Alex's head.

"I think, when Alex finds out that you can go to England as your mother did and make pictures there without his help or hindrance, he may give up this fight with you and let you stay here and work for Marshall or any other studio in Hollywood."

Smith nodded again.

"That's about it," he said. "If you can swing your father over, Josh, you can finish 'The Midas Touch' here. I'll drop my deal with Marshall. But let me know what happens as soon as you can, and if Hanley doesn't break I'll try to buy the story for you. But if your father stops that, then we'll find another story for you in England."

If Daisy hadn't been with me I would have settled for England like that. I probably wouldn't have thought to try to fight Alex again with this new weapon. But Daisy was a fighter, and she must have seen immediately the advantage Smith's offer would give me with Alex. Smith could see it, too. I wondered how. And why he was swell enough to let me try.

"I wish you the best of luck," he said. "I have a feeling you'll make it this time."

"What a guy you are," I said. "I can't figure out what makes you do this . . . you don't even know me."

He looked embarrassed again and it was a moment before he spoke.

"I knew someone like you, Josh—years ago." He hesitated, then he went on: "I knew your mother."

I held my breath. It had never occurred to me that this Englishman might have known Marie Wickham when she made pictures in England.

"She was quite wonderful," he said. He said it as though he'd been in love with her.

"Was she happy?" I asked. It was something I always wanted to know.

He didn't look at me directly.

"After Farnsworth died she retired and she didn't see very many people. Marie didn't want to marry again. She always wanted you—she always hoped she'd see you—"

Daisy looked at me hesitatingly and then plunged in.

"Why didn't she take Josh with her?" she asked bluntly.

Smith hesitated now and glanced at me. "Your father never told you?"

I shook my head. "She just went off and left me——" I said.

"No," he said sharply. "No, Hanley caught up with Marie on her way to the station. She had you with her. He took you away, and he wouldn't let her come back. She tried. She wouldn't have left if she hadn't thought she could take you, too . . ."

Something rolled back off me. All my life I'd wondered. Maybe it was why I'd never had much stomach for fighting. It bothers a kid, even when he's grown up, to think that maybe his mother didn't want him.

I didn't hate Alex. It had all happened too long ago for me to get angry. But I felt finally free of him and the sense of obligation I'd always had toward him. It would help in dealing with him now . . . maybe for the last time. Maybe I'd be off to England anyway. If Daisy would go.

I should have thought to ask her.

"If Alex doesn't break——" I began. I didn't have to hold my breath.

"I'll go to England with you, Josh," she said.

"Let me know soon," Smith said.

We all got up quickly and said good-bye. Daisy kissed Smith lightly on the cheek.

"Good luck," he said again as we left.

. . . . . .

Alex stopped me when I got to Cyril Smith's statement about the night Marie Wickham had run away. He was in his dressing-gown, and we were in the library of his house. I had wakened him and made him come downstairs to hear Daisy and me.

"You win, Josh," he sighed. "I can't let you go. Just as I never wanted to let Marie go."

"You're lying," I said bitterly. "Mother wanted to stay with me, but you wouldn't let her."

Alex smiled wryly.

"That was just a mistake in tactics," he said. "You see, Josh, Marie hated me. I didn't want her back merely to stay with you. I told her that that night. She was my wife, and I wanted her to be a good and loving wife. I thought if I kept her from seeing you for a few days she'd see the light and come back on my terms and everything would be all right again. I counted on her love for you to change her attitude toward me."

Alex laughed harshly and went on.

"I suppose you could say that I was trying to break her spirit. Well, I failed with Marie. She went off with Farnsworth and tried to get you away from me through legal methods. I thought holding on to you had been at least some kind of victory, but I see that I never really won you either." He sighed deeply again.

"I don't know why it is—I could always make people do what I wanted—everyone except Marie and you"—he smiled grimly at Daisy—"and Daisy. Maybe I'm getting old, Josh. I don't feel like fighting you any more. Go back to Marshall and finish the picture. Though I wish you'd believe this: If I had known you were directing, too, I wouldn't have stopped you. I didn't want you to be just an actor."

"Nobody ever knows what they can do until they begin trying," I said. "I didn't know myself."

"Well," he said, "you must have some Hanley gumption in you, thank heaven!"

He paused, and went on almost wistfully: "Some day maybe you'll come back to my studio and work for me. I'll give you a free hand. If you're good enough for Marshall and British-Denham you're good enough for me. I'll phone Marshall in the morning." He made one of his old impatient gestures.

"Anyway, this is all nonsense. I never intended to shut you out for good, Josh . . . when I die you'll have all my interest in the business . . . who else have I in the world . . .?"

"Maybe you'd better think about it again, Alex," I said. "Daisy and I are getting married. Right away."

He smiled.

"Well," he said softly, "well, I managed one thing, anyway. Daisy is the girl I wanted you to marry all along. I knew if I got you and Lucy and Daisy all together it would start something. And once you started getting stubborn I figured an order to keep away from Daisy would send you running for her."

He chuckled faintly. "It always works in pictures, anyway."

I was a little annoyed, but he looked suddenly so old and so pleased with himself that I wasn't going to argue. Actually, I was feeling pretty fond of Alex, and I thought it was a good time to leave.

Outside, just before we got into the convertible, I asked Daisy about it.

"Do you think he was kidding us? I mean about wanting us to get married in the first place?"

"Oh," Daisy said, yawning, "Alex doesn't know himself. If he didn't, he's convinced himself that he did. Don't you know he just had to be right about something?"

"I should have known," I said. "Now stop yawning—we've got celebrating to do."

(Copyright)

New serial by well-known Australian author

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "A THOUSAND LOOKED ON," murder mystery, by A. E. Martin, whose "Common People" won our £1000 novel contest.

"A Thousand Looked On" is the story of an American actor who comes to seek fame in Australia, and becomes involved in a grim and tragic stage "turn." From this startling beginning the story unfolds, provocative mystery allied to brilliant characterisation.

The Australian Women's Weekly has several brilliant serials scheduled for 1948. In addition to a thrilling mystery story by the well-known Australian author, Margot Neville, we have secured publication rights of "The Purple Plain," by H. E. Bates (author of "Fair Stood the Wind for France," one of the most famous novels of the war period), and of "Mountain Prelude," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of "The Yearling."

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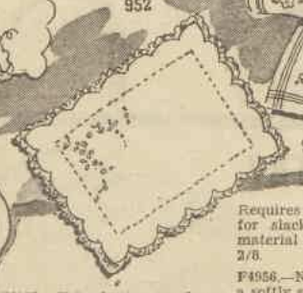

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F4958

F4953

F4954

F4955

F4956

F4957

F4953.—Trim button-up dress. Sizes 32in to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Pattern, 1/10.

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THE BLUNTS:
They rely on mushiness

Weekly Feature

Written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

Penny snorted as he turned an untidy somersault.

You'd think that the proximity of the giving season would encourage the small fry to polish up their behaviour—but no, they have immense faith in the mushiness of the parental heart.

They know perfectly well that on Christmas Eve, even though you may be justly frothing at the mouth with rage, you'll say, as you pop a watch or a bicycle into the hopeful stocking, "Oh well, Christmas comes but once a year."

TAKE the ghastly events of Black Wednesday as typical of holiday behaviour. At 4.30 our house-guest, Cousin Michael, fell out of bed with a sickening thud, and set about bawling the place down, and yelling for his "Mum-may!"

This premature and violent alarm aroused my two sleeping cherubs.

"Ta! Cowardy custard—good job!" croaked Penny. He and Michael are big leggerheads.

Taffy, a rather tetchy and reluctant riser, bleated indignantly, calling one a bully and the other a blooming milksop-booby, and if they didn't shut up and let a guy get a bit of sleep he'd sock them in the snoot.

At this, Cousin Michael took a stupendous breath and bellowed with increased vigor.

"Aw, shucks! Little serpent!" I hissed, and, rising, padded to the kitchen for a piece of magic butter which my grandmother taught me to put on children's bruised skulls.

In a fit of parsimony I dug out an ounce of margarine instead, and strode in to do my first aid.

At the door of the boys' room I had to climb over the stubborn, elephantine hulk of the dog who came to dinner, and inspected Michael's head for lumps. There were none, but I rubbed a good dollop of margarine into his straw thatch. At least it dried his tears, and he began to chant the four-times table.

"Aw, listen," Penny snorted as he turned an untidy somersault, "I can do twelves . . . once twelve is twelve, twice twelve is—" . . .

"Smarty pants, so you blooming well ought. Gee, you're three years older. Anyway, tables are corny; I'm upter ralgebra . . . Well, Miss Cane says I will be nex' year, and that's nearly now, because New Year's just after Christmas, an' it's nearly Christmas, see, fat?"

"You should 'be worrying about Christmas," said I, looking round for something to clean my oily hands. "Christmas won't mean a thing to you, if you continue to go on the way you're going. Do you think I'm going to buy you a dray-load of presents?"

Taffy and Penny began to make frantic signs, like the three monkeys, saying hist and putting their fingers over their lips, until I thought they were going daffy.

Pricking his ears, Michael abandoned his "four times" at four eights, making it twenty-nine, and looked *severely* at me:

"Daddy Christmas is going to bring me a tricycle wiss rubber ties, my mummy doesn't haftoo buy it."

"See, Jill, I tried me best to warn ya . . . Gee, you're dumb! He believes in F-A-T-H-E-R C-H-R-..."

"Yes, thank you, I know; never mind the spelling."

"You did put your foot in it, didn't you, sweety pie?" giggled Penny, doing another somersault.

As is my wont, I ignored Penny, and assured my naive nephew that Father Christmas probably would bring him a tricycle, but that mostly I had to buy the boys' presents myself, because the old gentleman was too disgusted with them to do it.

"Oo! Oi loike that!" cried the bad boys in chorus.

"And," I continued, after drawing an impatient breath, "Mrs. Leaf is coming to-day, and woe betide you two . . . three, if this room isn't immaculate."

"Wot's amaccarate?"

"Gr-r-r! Spotless! Tidy! For instance—I gave a chewed orange a vicious kick—no fruit on the floor, no shirts, or . . . Look! Look! I might have broken my neck, motor tyres!!

"Snap to it; you can begin now, and you, too, Michael . . . and see that that canine horror, that yellow dog, is removed immediately. Who let it in, anyway? Nobody, always nobody, just like the leprechauns."

After that, sleep was impossible, and I needed coffee. There was no coffee, the horror dog was close behind me, and rolling its eyes towards the refrigerator in the hope I would give it a haunch of venison. The boys joined it, demanding "Wot's fer breakfast?"

I said, "Have you tidied that pig-sty?"

"No; not till we've had our lunch," said my impertinent nephew, who had been bribed to do so.

I called him a little viper, and said, "No breakfast!"

When Pam appeared in the kitchen I was in a fine fury, waving a long, whistling stem of bamboo, hooting nasty promises at the pyjamaed trio, who were doing acrobatics on the lawn and telling me airily that they couldn't care less, they'd get some breakfast while I wasn't looking.

And they did. They pooled their resources, waylaid the baker, and bought a loaf of bread. He, wretched fellow, traitor to the adult cause, presented them with a slightly cart-soiled bun loaf. This, with the addition of several dozen passionfruit from the vine, made them a hearty breakfast.

My husband, emerging tardily from the shower, glowered disapprovingly at the menacing stick I was still waving, and sternly told the boys to get dressed.

"Aw, how can we?" asked Taffy, wide eyed. "She won't let us; she's going to bash us up."

There was the usual reproof—"That's no way to speak of your mother."

"Mother! Mothers are kind people. She's just a witch. Vicki's going to let Michael have a tricycle for Christmas, and she's not gointer give us anything, not even breakfast."

Then came the near tragedy that caused the day to be remembered as Black Wednesday.

Mrs. Leaf on arrival found her troughs in the laundry full of decaying sea beasts and weed. There were no fewer than eight crabs in a state of exquisite putrefaction, and nobody had put them there.

Those leprechauns again; but on second thoughts it was Bobby's fault, because he'd caught them, and what could they do? Let them starve to death or smufficate? Where did I think they'd put them if not in the troughs?

What's more, Mrs. Leaf's basket had been used as a sleigh, and the big orange dog had scratched all Mrs. Leaf's beautiful floors, and as calamity piled on disaster Caroline's father brought us a present—Oh! my sainted aunt!—a puppy, and, of course, we couldn't resist it.

But Mrs. Leaf, who'd just been scooping decaying crustaceans from her troughs, was not disarmed, and regarding this divine beast as the last straw announced that the work was too much for her. She could put up with the humans, but the blessed animals——!

And although it couldn't be denied that the highly tropical storm which drenched the washing was a caprice of nature, the exasperated lady was inclined to blame us.

With her usual wide smile zippered into a disapproving line, she padded off to the bus, saying she didn't know whether she'd be back to-morrow or not; she'd see how her feet were.

That, I told Pam, was what came of having children and sparing the rod. If this goes on, I won't dare give them anything for Christmas. If I do, they'll have me in the hollow of their nauseating paws.

Woman M.P. investigates mill conditions

A whole generation of Lancashire lasses are missing. Where have they disappeared, and why?

Almost a generation of theorists have been happily theorising about this, but it took a woman to dig beneath the mystery.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

THE woman who did this is Mrs. Barbara Castle, a pert, attractive, young woman M.P., who speaks vigorously for Liverpool in the House of Commons, acts as parliamentary private secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and—as if this left her with idle time—recently took a fortnight off to track down the mystery of the vanished generation.

Barbara disappeared from the public scene to work in a cotton mill.

Ever since the depression the lasses of Lancashire have been leaving their traditional work in the cotton mills in a steady, determined stream. The famous clogs and shawls of the women of Lancashire are things of a bygone age.

The lasses who seemed destined to wear them by being born into a weaving family are working, instead, in beauty parlors, engineering workshops, or as teachers, secretaries—anything but weavers.

That is why a generation of Lancashire lasses, as we have learned to picture them, are missing.

Barbara Castle, M.P., decided their loss to one of Britain's biggest industries was more important in these financially critical days than making speeches to her constituents.

In her fortnight's truancy from parliamentary duties she worked at the looms side by side with the mothers of these wandering girls, and sorted cotton while she asked them questions.

"Not only did I find out many of the reasons why Lancashire girls won't work at their traditional job of weaving cotton," Barbara told me, "but I also learned a lot about the industry. And I got a lovely backache, too!

"In my talks I discovered that in their quiet, determined way the mothers of Lancashire have worked an avowed revenge on the cotton industry. Lots of people forgot the depression when it was over, but not these people. They remember having to work for as little as 30/- a week, to support a family and a husband on the dole. And they made a vow. It was, 'No daughter of mine shall ever work in a cotton mill!'

"Those mothers have kept that vow, much to the alarm of the cotton industry. There is nothing to replace nimble feminine fingers when it comes to sorting cotton, working at the looms, or at 100 and one jobs in the cotton industry.

"The cotton business is short of 100,000 skilled girl workers, and it is largely the fault of the more old-fashioned mill bosses, who still visualise them as happy in their clogs and shawls. They might be picturesque, but they are neither glamorous nor comfortable.

"Mills owned by men like these are gloomy, barrack-like buildings where the only toilet facilities is a solitary tap dribbling in the middle of a yard. No wonder there is a generation missing in cotton.

"At the factory where I worked I found that much had been done to make conditions more inviting. There were washrooms, a good canteen supplying a cheap meal, a day nursery for the babies of the married women. But there is still a lot more they can do.

"I noticed that the girl working beside me hung her coat on a post near her machine, where she could keep her eye on it. There were no lockers, insufficient room for changing into working clothes. There weren't enough lavatories.

"This factory had a day nursery accommodating 70 babies. But there are 70 more on the waiting list.

"There are no first-aid rooms, yet the factory's conditions are reputed to be among the best in the district.

"One of the more important facts which came to light as I asked my questions is that many mothers left work because their husbands are on night shift and so they were sharing practically no family life.

"They would come back and lend a hand if only somebody introduced a scheme to give them part-time work to help the family budget, or else started an evening shift for women so that they could be at work at the same time as their menfolk."

All this is going into Mrs. Castle's report for the edification of that august organisation known in Britain as the Board of Trade. Her report, couched in the language of a Yorkshire woman and sturdy political campaigner, does not mince words.

"The best is not good enough for these girls," she said to me. "Compared with the way they work a political campaign is like a rest cure."

CONDITIONS of cotton-mill workers in Yorkshire were studied at first hand by Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P. Here she is working in a weaving shed.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Every girl longs for her first romance, but when it arrives some of them make the mistake of appearing too anxious for it to become serious.

Wise girls don't make their interest obvious to the boy who is paying them attention.

HERE are some questions sent in by girls:

"SHOULD a girl who has been taken out by a boy several times refuse other invitations?"

Not unless you have been asked by this boy to go out only with him. Let him see that other people want to take you out too.

* * *

"DO you think I should tell my boy-friend, with whom I have quarrelled, that I still like him?"

Apologise, if you know you were wrong, but leave it to him to say he still likes you.

* * *

"WOULD it look too forward if I were to give a birthday present to the boy who has been taking me out?"

It would look much better if the first present came from him.

* * *

"SHOULD I make the first move with my boy-friend? He never kisses me good-night."

A boy-friend doesn't have to kiss you good-night, you know. If he wanted to enough, he'd soon get round to it. It's his place to make the move, not yours.

* * *

"I WRITE to my boy-friend once a fortnight. Is this too often?"

It depends on how often he writes to you. Reply to his letters, but don't write letters he doesn't answer.

"MY husband makes much of our child, but never bothers about me. We have been married two years. Was I foolish in expecting more of our marriage?"

No woman is foolish in expecting love and companionship in her marriage. But what you must realise is that you are now a wife and a mother, not a young girl who must be continually paid attention.

Doubtless your husband's responsibilities have increased, and he is no longer the carefree young man of the old days. He may be less demonstrative now than he was then, but it does not follow that his love has changed. As a mother you must be prepared to share his affection with the child.

* * *

"HOW can I make my daughter take an interest in looking after her bedroom? She seems to take no pride in having her things nice and being tidy, though she will soon be old enough to leave school."

Unless she is totally unlike other girls of her age, your daughter will develop a pride in her room if she is made to feel it is really hers, expressive of her interests and personality—the one room in the house on which visitors and friends will judge her as a person.

Her neglected schoolgirl bedroom can be turned into an interesting and attractive bed-sitting-room with the outlay of only a little money. She might like to paint the floor, change the color of the furniture, picture-frames and door-handles. Let her design and make new curtains and bedspread in inexpensive uncouponed materials. Once she is proud of her room, she will keep it tidy.

* * *

"WOULD it look silly for me to send my bridesmaid an invitation to my wedding?"

Not a bit. It is only a courtesy and so will be her reply of acceptance.

* * *

"PLEASE tell me what to do. I am 16 and quarrel so much with my married sister that I have given up all sorts of things, because I never enjoy anything if she is there. She seems to have taken all the joy out of my life."

Unless you take a firm grip on yourself she will continue to do so. She is married and has her own life to make; so have you. If you can't agree, then you can't agree. But there is no need to let it worry you. You are two individuals, each able to make of life what you will. Surely the world is a big enough place for you both! Try to get things in their true perspective, and you will be a happier girl.

* * *

"WHEN sending a telegram of congratulation to the bride and bridegroom, to whom should it be addressed?"

It is usual to address to the bride telegrams which are to be read out at the reception.

* * *

"AM I doing the wise thing in wanting to be married soon? My best friend is in love with my fiance, and I am afraid she might try to break up our engagement."

Your problem is not as easy as that. As you go through life you'll find that side-stepping difficulties doesn't solve them. This is your first difficulty, so don't run away from it. Fight this predatory friend of yours on her own ground; rushing into marriage won't remove her. When you've proved to your own satisfaction that you've got your man, then marry, and you need never worry about her again. If you marry before you do this, you will always feel she is a danger.

* * *

"I HAVE heard that if you intend accepting an invitation there is no need to reply. Is this right? Also what is the reason for the letters R.S.V.P. on an invitation?"

All invitations should be replied to, whether you decline or accept. The letters R.S.V.P. stand for the French "repondez s'il vous plait," meaning reply if you please.

* * *

"OVER a period of years I seem to have been paired off at picnics and dances with a single woman 12 years my junior. We have become very good friends. If I propose and she turns me down, do you think I will have spoilt the friendship?"

There is no reason why a proposal of marriage, even if it is not accepted, need spoil a friendship. If you feel this woman would make the right wife for you, my advice is to propose. A woman should feel she has been paid a compliment in being asked to become the wife of any honest and respectable man, even if for some reason she feels she must decline.

* * *

"SOME young relations of mine have got into the habit of eating peas from an upturned fork. They are not corrected, and as I visit the family often for meals, I wonder if I should say something?"

Even though they might be in the wrong—as your relations are in this case—few people thank you for interfering in the upbringing of their children. If you want to be tactful you will not make any corrective remark, but continue to eat peas from the end of your fork as you do any other food, and hope that your example will be noticed and copied.

* * *

"THE boy to whom I am shortly to become engaged still takes other girls out. Should he do this?"

As you are not yet engaged, he perhaps thinks that he is still free to take other girls out if he wants to. But I would say it is most unusual for a man who feels that he has found the right girl to want to be with anyone but her.

* * *

"COULD I, being married the second time, wear a short tulle veil with a long pastel frock?"

Wedding veils should be worn only at the first marriage. No woman may be a bride, or wear a wedding veil, twice. For second marriages it is usual to wear some other type of headdress. Saris, flowers, feathers, restaurant or picture hats are among the most popular.

* * *

"SHOULD a woman who is quiet by nature and loves children marry and be prepared to live the life of a man who likes gaiety and is not at all fond of children?"

If she wants to be happy she'll wait for a man who more nearly shares her tastes.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 3.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

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"Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin lovelier — leaves it softer, smoother. It's a real beauty soap."

Actual statement by

Eleanor Parker

Warner Bros. star in "NEVER SAY GOODBYE"

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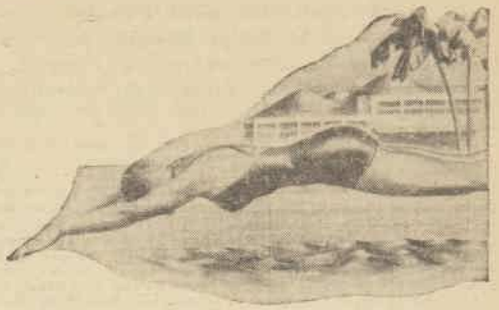

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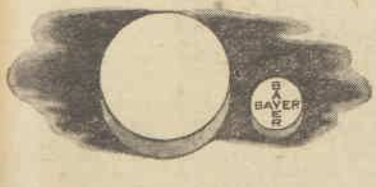

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Life seems fantastic dream to Jean Simmons

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Eighteen-year-old British film star Jean Simmons thinks that her life at present is "just fantastic."

She made this comment the day she arrived in Sydney by flying-boat on her way to Fiji to star in the J. Arthur Rank Organisation film, "Blue Lagoon."

"ALL the things which have happened in the last few months seem like a dream from which I'll have to wake up," she said, in that little-girl voice which suits her piquant, utterly charming, youthful self so well.

Jean was referring in general to her fabulous film contract, her appearance opposite Sir Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet," and her trip to Australia—all of which are tributes to the talent of a youngster who has beauty and ambition, but who doesn't attempt to be one day older than her years.

It is a refreshing experience to talk with the young actress.

Before I went to her suite at the Australia Hotel I remembered that a London colleague had written out to me and said, "You will love Jean Simmons, she is a sweetie."

Even allowing that his masculine reaction to a teen-age film star might be different from mine, it took only about five minutes for me to feel in complete agreement with him.

I found Jean sitting a little primly in a large and comfortable chair.

A simple pale blue striped gingham frock splashed with red flowers fitted her figure perfectly. She wore white sandals, and no make-up except a deep red lipstick. Her dark brown hair was brushed loosely back, as it is growing again after being cut short to provide for the heavy blonde wig she wore as Ophelia in "Hamlet," which was completed just before she left England. It has reached the "ducks' tails" stage at the back of her neck, and makes her look about fourteen.

She has a clear magnolia-type skin, huge eyes which take on the color of her frock, a wide, generous mouth, and perfect teeth.

Her unplucked eyebrows are thick, and her nose—which she often rubs in rather endearing perplexity—is well shaped.

Jean is friendly, polite, and quite unaffected. Once we settled down to talk she curled up like a kitten in the chair. With expressive hands and frequent smiles she answered my questions without hesitation.

"I liked Ophelia best of my film parts, because it was so wonderful working with Laurence Olivier. He is my favorite actor. But I also liked Estella in 'Great Expectations,' and Kanchi in 'Black Narcissus.'

"Kanchi was such a naughty girl," said Jean with gusto.

"I prefer making black-and-white films to those in technicolor, because I think black and white give one more identity.

"For instance, to play 'Hamlet' in technicolor I think would be very wrong.

"I'd like to do a stage play like 'Annie Get Your Gun' or 'Oklahoma,' but there doesn't seem much prospect of that at present," she said.

"I've sung in two films only, and want to study singing when I get a bit more time."

Favorite stars

AFTER Laurence Olivier, her favorite men film stars are Stewart Granger, James Mason, Rex Harrison, and American Tyrone Power.

Ginger Rogers is her choice among her own sex.

"I adore her; she can do everything, she is so clever. I also love Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, and Dorothy Maguire," she said.

Though she enjoys talking about her work, Jean likes better to discuss her family and home life.

"Being the youngest of the family I get pushed round quite a bit," she said, "but I think I owe Mummy more than anyone else for being responsible for my film work. We both cried like water-carts when I left in the plane for Australia. Mummy was thrilled for me to go, but, oh dear, it did seem such a long way to go from home, such thousands and thousands of miles ..."

From that spontaneous outburst, it was easy to see that the home life of the Simmons family is a happy one.

When Jean leaves the studio, she admits that she tries to forget about it till the next working day.

"No one bothers about me when I go to the local cinema at Golders Green, where I was brought up. Why should they? They all know me. We go to the pictures on Saturday nights. On Sundays Mummy and I go to the local Church of England, and if it's fine I take my two dogs to Hampstead Heath on Sunday afternoon."

This remark brought a wrinkle to her brow. "I'm just wondering if my dog, Hamlet—he's a sort of terrier—will remember me, because he isn't a year old yet. But Heidi, my old dog (she's just a bitzer), would never forget me, I'm sure.

"When I'm at home I like to do tapestry and listen to my gramophone, as I collect records. I haven't any specially favorite records, because it depends on my mood. Sometimes I go from Chopin to Frank Sinatra."

There was no irony in the remark.

With a wave of her hands, Jean described a tapestry fire-screen she had made for her mother during intervals at work at the studio.

At that moment she was earnest, serious, and quite grown up, but in a flash she became a teen-ager again.

"Oh, Christmas, I don't know where Irene is," she said in answer to a question about her dresser, who has accompanied her to Australia.

This remark brought her to a discussion on her clothes.

"My favorite color is lime-green, but I haven't got a thing in that color," she said a bit wistfully.

"I love long dresses, but I like my evening frocks to be ballerina-length." She sprang up and opened the wardrobe.

"This is one I brought with me. Isn't it sweet?" It was dark blue finely tucked net over a bouffant underskirt of stiffened rose-pink satin, and its owner, stroked it lovingly as she put it back on its hanger.

Jean is not especially fond of jewellery, though she was wearing a simple fine gold cable bracelet which had been made from a watch-chain of her father's. A pearl ring in an antique design was her mother's farewell gift to her. Apart from those, the only jewellery she owns is a string of pearls.

A pair of heavy dark glasses lay on the chair beside Jean, and when it was suggested that she wore them for a disguise she giggled and said:

"It would be a perfect disguise, wouldn't it, but honestly I wear them because I can't bear the brightness of the sun."

Marriage is something which Jean Simmons wants, but not at present.

"I won't be nineteen till January, so I've got lots of time to think about it, haven't I?" she asked.

After she leaves Fiji, Jean will visit Hollywood, but she doesn't want to work there. America to her means the chance to see her married sister, Edna, who lives in Boston and whom she hasn't seen for three years.

To shop for her family, go horse-back riding, visit an Australian "sheep farm," and meet lots of people are the ambitions of the star while she is here. She should be able to fulfil all of them without any trouble.

To the studio executives who are looking after her on this "fantastic" trip Jean is amiable, good tempered, and, in my opinion, absolutely certain to win nothing but good wishes from everyone she meets.

She really is a "sweetie."

JEAN SIMMONS photographed in her bedroom in Sydney after a strenuous first day in Australia. Though she was tired from her long air trip, she smiled happily at all visitors who called to welcome her, and eagerly asked questions about buying gifts for her family in England.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH

JEAN RENOIR has done it again. In "The Southerner" he gave us something unforgettable; now he takes a triangle plot of a blind artist, his callous wife, and a Coast Guard officer, and builds a story of elusive, telling atmosphere. It is film direction at its best.

Charles Bickford, as the artist, and Joan Bennett as his menacing wife have absorbed the director's ideas so completely that their acting provides a moving emotional experience. This holds for the third of the trio, Robert Ryan, and indeed for the whole cast.

Don't expect much action, but what there is is violent. Tension grows almost to breaking point, but never becomes bizarre.

It is an RKO release of a Jack Gross production.—Plaza; showing.

★★ VARIETY GIRL

PARAMOUNT have set out to bedazzle us with their entire galaxy of stars in this frothy musical, held together with a slender thread of a story about a young girl trying to break into the film game, via Paramount.

Practically everybody has at least a glimpse of one of their favorites, and the Crosby-Hope school gets quite a slice of its darlings.

The most remarkable thing about this picture is its direction by George Marshall and production by Daniel Dare, who have made good entertainment of the crowded canvas.

Just to mention a few of the stars who appear—Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake—and that isn't even half of them.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THE SWORDSMAN

FOR those of us whose hearts are in the Highlands this Columbia production is a rare chance to see them in color, mist covered, and looking enchanted.

They form the background to an ancient family feud in that most romantic and improbable of all periods, the 18th century in Scotland, when it meant death to be discovered toasting "the King over the water."

Larry Parks, in kilts, and Ellen Drew, looking simply lovely in her period costumes, keep the whole thing within reasonable limits, but give it sufficient dash to please action-lovers.—State; showing.

★★ THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER

IRVING REIS has handled this farce for Dore Schary Productions, released by RKO, with consummate skill. He sets a slick pace that never lets up.

The story by Sidney Sheldon has plenty of exaggerated scenes, and Reis has been shrewd enough to accentuate them.

No one could be better cast than Myrna Loy for the straitlaced woman judge who first has to castigate artist Cary Grant and later to win him as her husband. Myrna's subtle twist of humor is the ideal foil for Cary's roguishness.

Shirley Temple, as the teen-ager who has a crush on Cary, leads him a rare dance, playing her part with good attention to detail.—Regent; showing.

★ THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

FOR the second time recently, both Ray Milland and Teresa Wright have been given film jobs unworthy of their ability. This time Paramount have dished up a silly comedy with a feeble script and careless direction.

Milland, especially, seems unhappy in the part of an absent-minded professor who takes exception to a newspaper article written by Teresa Wright and sues for libel.

The age-old situation of the girl's employer using her in an attempt to compromise the professor turns up again.—Victory; showing.

Original Christmas cards chosen by stars

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

THE Christmas season finds stars competing with each other in sending the most attractive, original Christmas cards.

This yearly event has turned into a game, with most players trying to keep their designs secret.

Instead of just picking out attractive cards from a stationer's, Hollywood stars think up ideas best expressing their personalities. Then they get somebody to make cards, according to these ideas.

I have had a peep at several of these cards.

Janis Carter, now in Rome making the Columbia film "The Eternal Melody," is sending Christmas cards of scenes by Renaissance artists, made by an Italian ex-prisoner of war project. Raphael, Da Vinci, and Botticelli are represented.

Larry Parks' card shows photo of himself and his wife, Bette, stretched out on the floor, before their fireplace, reading a comic paper.

Rita Hayworth has two kinds of cards, one very elaborate set of a winter snow scene by American artist Phil Paradise, which she is sending to intimate friends, and another set of 700 penny postcards typed "Merry Christmas from Rita Hayworth and Los Angeles Children's Hospital." These cards will ask friends to contribute to the hospital, which is Rita's favorite charity.

Gene Autry's card shows a horse and rider in a snow scene and bears greetings from both Gene and his horse. Red Skelton has a funny card cut-out, resembling a Fuller brush and bearing the greeting, "From your newest Fuller brush man, Red Skelton." Red got the idea while currently portraying a door-to-door salesman in his film with Janet Blair. Ellen Drew's card shows her doing an actual scene before the cameras, while her producer-husband, Sy Bartlett, sits nearby. Penny Singleton's cards bear Motion Picture Relief Fund greetings, as she contributes all her card money to this cause.

* * *

ESTHER WILLIAMS is making final notes on her book, which she has called "Or Would You Rather Be A Fish?" It will be published in January, and is about her swimming experiences.

* * *

PEGGY CUMMINS will not return to Hollywood from England for Christmas. She will spend it with her grandmother in the country.

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN gets more than a thousand letters from fans every week asking for her discarded clothes.

They all write that they feel sure she must be throwing away her short skirts to adopt the new "long" look.

The truth is that Deanna is sending most of her skirts to the dressmaker to be let down, or is cutting the tops off frocks and sewing them on to new skirts.

She says she has not discarded one dress.

TEA is Most Stimulating and Refreshing. ASK FOR THE BEST — BUSHELLS, THE TEA OF FLAVOR.

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JEAN SIMMONS, still in her teens and one of England's most popular film stars, will soon begin a technicolor film, "The Blue Lagoon," on location in Fiji after a short tour in Australia. Holder of a long-term contract with the J. Arthur Rank Organisation at a huge salary, Jean has played many romantic roles. Her newest films, "Uncle Silas," "Woman in the Hall," and "Hamlet," in which she plays opposite Sir Laurence Olivier, will be released here in 1948. Jean's talent and good looks match her personality.

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Look lovelier in 60 seconds with

Pond's
Vanishing Cream
1-Minute Mask

You look at your face —Heavens! Don't worry! Bring your skin back to life with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This is the grand new way to use your Pond's Vanishing Cream! In sixty seconds from the time the Mask is on your face, you will be looking at a fresh, new complexion — your skin will look finer-textured. Softer. Make-up smooths on easily —clings.

How to apply Pond's 1-Minute Mask

Just smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream in a *thick* white mask over your whole face—except eyes.

Relax and leave this cool fragrant mask on for one full minute. The special "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream gently loosens and dissolves the dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

After one minute—no need to wait any longer—tissue the mask off, clean. You'll adore the fresher, softer look of your skin. Use this new Pond's 1-Minute Mask regularly 3 or 4 times a week—and always before a date.

Complete Complexion Care

POND'S VANISHING CREAM, powder base and skin softener.

POND'S COLD CREAM, thorough skin cleanser and freshener—at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.

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- ✓ FASHIONS, STYLES
- ✓ COMFORT

ALL the features you desire in a Dressing Gown are abundantly yours when you see the....

....Acorn label on the best Dressing Gowns at your favourite store.

1 UNWELCOME VISITOR Donald Read (John Dall) tells radio announcer Mary Collins (Deanna Durbin) she must give up her financial claim on his grandfather's estate. Mary knows nothing of the claim, and she orders Donald out.

2 FURTHER INQUIRY shows Mary that trust fund from estate was established for her aunt many years before. Angry at Read family's unfair suspicions about her aunt, Mary plans revenge.

3 MAKING FRIENDS with Donald's cousin Charlie (D. O'Connor) and his uncle Chester (C. Winninger), Mary agrees to try to break up engagement of Donald to Clarissa Prentice (Helena Carter).

4 PLAN WORKS WELL, much to relief of Charlie, who is in love with Clarissa and thinks she has only agreed to marry Donald because of family reasons.

Something in the Wind

IN her latest romantic comedy, "Something in the Wind," Deanna Durbin sings five of the six original songs written for the film by Johnny Green and Leo Robin. She also sings a Verdi operatic aria with Jan Peerce, well-known opera star.

Two and a half days of steady shooting were required to film Donald O'Connor's acrobatic dance which accompanied his song, "I Love a Mystery."

Though both Deanna Durbin and Donald O'Connor have spent their entire starring career at Universal International, this is the first film in which they have appeared together.

5 GROWING INTEREST of Donald in Mary follows after he quarrels with Clarissa about his obvious inattention.

6 AT FASHION SHOW, Mary makes Donald buy her luxury wardrobe, though she is beginning to regret plot.

7 ARRESTED through trick of Uncle Chester, who hopes to make Mary share "blackmail" with him, Mary pretends to accept cheque to make Donald think she is only a fortune hunter.

8 VISITED IN GAOL by Donald, Mary realises that they are in love. With help of Charlie all problems are settled, and Read family gladly welcomes Mary.

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Solving the problem of the longer hemline

● The simplest way to lengthen a wide skirt — an inserted band of new contrasting material around the hipline. Choose a clever color contrast to match accessories.

● A contrasting band of material let in above the hemline does not look odd — and can quite easily give last year's dress new and added charm if matched with a sash and a scarf around your hair.

● Another excellent way of lengthening a full skirt is with contrasting material above and below the waistline — nipping the new waist in. The join below the waist also accents the hippy look.

● This is a pretty way to make a short dress look like 1948. Wear a waist-length petticoat in contrasting printed material with deep pleated flounce round the bottom and allow three inches to fall beneath the old hemline — matching frills around the sleeves.

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CUDDLESEAT

Carry Baby with ease and smartness.
ONLY CUDDLESEAT gives you safety and comfort.... leaves both hands free

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Simple Sure Way to HAPPY FEET

Zam-Buk ends aches and discomforts

WHY put up with the aches, pains, the burning and throbbing, the sheer misery of weary feet when Zam-Buk gives quick and wonderful relief?

Bathe your feet in warm water and rub them with Zam-Buk. Rapidly absorbed by the pores, the refined medicinal oils in this grand herbal ointment ease the pain and tiredness, and reduce swelling and inflammation. Sore toes, chafing, and blistered heels are quickly healed if you smear with Zam-Buk and cover with a bandage or lint.

Six active medicaments in Zam-Buk, with remarkable soothing, antiseptic and healing qualities, make it excellent for cuts, burns, bruises, spots, pimples, insect bites, rashes, and other skin troubles and injuries.

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Zam-Buk
The Grand Herbal Ointment

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/- & 1/3.

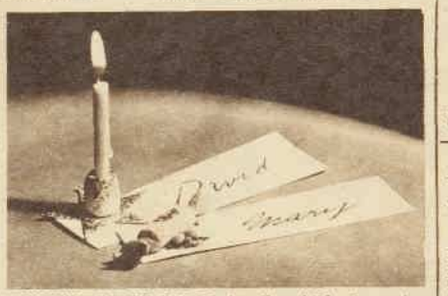
CHRISTMAS is the children's festival, so have a Christmas tree this year, no matter how small the family. The tree could be a large branch cut from the old gum in the backyard and "planted" in a bucket of sand. If they are old enough, let the kiddies help in the decorating and the placing of those mysterious and festive-looking parcels you've prepared to bring joy and thrills to little hearts.

To help you say . . . A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

● With a little effort you can make Christmas 1947 the brightest ever for family and friends.

SNOW SCENE . . . Fascinating centrepiece for your Christmas table: Cut a cardboard base 5in. by 2½in. and a roof 2¼in. by 3in., cover with a layer of cotton-wool. Bend roof and glue over one or two fir cones. Put a stick through roof for a chimney and glue to base. Glue another cone on a stick for a tree, paint it green and white. Paint chimney bright red.

CHRISTMAS GIFT suggestion for a girl-friend is the vanity-box, pictured above. It started life as a kitchen knife-box and was converted to glamor with enamel paint and plastic frill. For the frill cut hyd. plastic into 2in. strips, or depth of box. Run a gathering thread ¼in. in from one edge, draw up, face to strengthen with ½in. strip. Attach frill with drawing pins; finish with ribbon bows.



NOVEL PLACE-CARDS for the children's party: (1) Cut out a little star from cardboard, also a holder for a tiny candle and fix or glue to centre of star; paint star and holder a gay color and glue to place-card. (Allow guest to blow out candle when seated.) (2) For the cracker use a 1in. length of round stick, cover with colored paper and twist the ends. Glue to place-card with small leaf and berry.

Diphtheria immunity

BY MEDICO

● "When is the best time for me to bring baby to be immunised against diphtheria?" asked Mrs. G. "He's just five months old."

"THERE have been some changes in the method of immunisation as a result of ten years' study of the effects. Never before has it been so safe and so effective.

"The first injection should be given between the age of six and twelve months. The second is given three months after the first."

"Does that protect him for life?"

"The protective effect is increased by a third injection at two years and a fourth when he goes to school at the age of five."

"Isn't baby a bit young to be having his first injection at six months?"

"Actually, we find that after that age the younger the child the less the reaction to the injection."

"But doesn't the immunity against diphtheria that he had at birth protect him till he goes to school?"

"That immunity is lost by his first birthday, which is the danger period. The protection given by injections takes three months to develop. That's why it's best to start at about six months."

"My second boy goes to school next year. Should he have another injection? He was done three years ago," said Mrs. G.

"That is now recommended, to prepare him for the fresh chances of infection he'll meet at school."

"What about the eldest—he's twelve?" asked Mrs. G. "He's never been immunised, I'm afraid."

"He should have a Shick test to see if he needs to be immunised," I told her. "That's a skin test with a very small injection into the skin."

"Then it will be a comfort to know that all my family will be safe from that horrible disease," Mrs. G. said as she left.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

FOR THIS festive table arrangement brightly colored candles were set in the long strip formed of tiny pine branches and kept fresh by spraying with a fly-spray filled with water, to which a few drops of oil or glycerine had been added, to make the water drops glisten. Use the spray, too, to keep bowls of cut flowers fresh and dewy these warm, summer days.

GARDENING BREVITIES

LIFT your daffodil, hyacinth, and other spring flowering bulbs now if they have completed growth, and the foliage is dead and brown. Store in a dry place until wanted next autumn.

* * *

SET out your dahlia tubers now in full sunlight. Put in the stakes first before digging the holes. No fresh manure must touch tubers or they may be burned or develop disease.

* * *

SPRAY pome (apple, pear, and quince) fruit trees every three weeks with either lead arsenate or DDT to control codlin moth.

* * *

PINCH back your chrysanthemum plants to about two pairs of leaves. Spray the plants regularly with lime sulphur as a mildew preventive.—**Our Home Gardener.**

Are you dragging YOUR ANCHOR?

Do you feel that you have lost your zest for living, that even everyday routine is an effort? Does exhaustion always follow exertion at work or play? Don't you realise that you can't be a big success in life if you are always tired? Fortunately, there is an answer to your problem. You can regain your normal buoyancy and joy of living by taking WINCARNIS, a rich, full bodied wine blended with nourishing ingredients. WINCARNIS is rich in the basic elements and foods that fortify the brain and nerves, and do good to the whole system. Get WINCARNIS from your chemist today. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to its high recuperative value. Ask for WINCARNIS . . . the "Quick Action" tonic.

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GLAMOR *takes a holiday*

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

● If you prefer summer holidays and plan to take your leave over Christmas and the New Year, I hope you will find this schedule for good looks useful and helpful, while your main interest is soaking up sunshine and fresh air.

THE five steps in the 15-minute beauty schedule for summer holiday-makers — hair care, eye comfort, mouth hygiene, skin softening, hand grooming.

THIS Christmas the locale could be town, country, mountains, seashore, or wooded retreat.

To most women no holiday without a certain amount of glamor is worth while. On the other hand, they do not want to be endlessly fussing with cosmetics.

The best plan is to make a list of the toilet articles and cosmetics you think you'll need.

Then reduce it by at least half to the basic items.

Protective toilet preparations are the chief need of the summer holiday-maker.

● A soothing cream or lotion to protect the face from sun and wind, and to use on body skin if it is sensitive.

● A good, oily cream for repair work at night. An oily lipstick, too, plus untinted lip-salve for over-sensitive lips; wearable by day under color, by night during sleep.

● A tried and true sun lotion to use early and often. Cover exposed parts of the skin with the filter, but don't think one application enough for a whole day. Renew it at intervals and whenever the skin feels hot.

● A good pair of dark glasses and eyedrops or lotion for comfort.

Now beauty articles may sometimes give the impression that one has to work desperately for a considerable part of each day in the sole cause of keeping attractive—fifteen minutes for hair work, ten minutes for skin, ten for the nails, far into the night.

Actually that is neither practical nor desirable.

Leaving face-packs and massages for a time when there is a free hour to devote to them, here is a fifteen-minute-to-bed plan for the holiday girl. Followed every night these small kindnesses to your skin and hair will give a well-cared-for look, in spite of the difficulties of appearing athletic and casual by day and as fragile as a camellia by night.

The first four minutes are spent brushing the hair, stirring up the scalp.

Lie across the bed, head hanging over the side, or sit with the head well forward, leaving the arms free for hearty brush work, and giving the blood a chance to flow to the scalp and face.

Then brush briskly in every direction; a speck of cream on the hair-ends will take care of the dryness bogy, and a few enormous sculpture curls pinned under a snood or sleeping-net will help keep that just - from - the - hairdresser's look longer.

The next minute is well spent with the eye-bath; fill the cup with lotion, solution, or wash, and hold it over the eye, tilting back the head and rolling the eye around as you open and close it.

When finished bathing one eye, throw away the remainder of the fluid and rinse out the cup. Refill with fresh lotion, and do other eye.

Now four minutes with toothbrush and mouthwash. Brush upper teeth downwards from the gums, lower teeth upwards; brush the tongue, the roof and sides of the mouth, and finish by rinsing with clear water.

Massage the gums by placing a little dentifrice on the finger and thumb, place the thumb at the back and the finger on the front of the teeth, squeezing the gums gently towards the teeth. Rinse thoroughly.

Don't forget that ordinary salt and water makes a useful mouthwash-gargle, and salt on a damp toothbrush is an efficient cleanser.

Four minutes for face creaming and light massage movements.

First clean off the day's accumulation of make-up and dust. Next a blob of cream into the palm of one hand, and with the other smear it over the face and neck, starting low and working upward towards the brow; be extra kind to the tender eye area.

Leave the cream on the skin.

With one minute to go, wash and wring the hands with the cream already on them as you would with soap and water; work plenty of it in around the nails, pressing back the cuticle, and shaping the finger-tips with thumb and forefinger.

Your hands finished, wipe the cream residue off them and your face with a facecloth, splash with cold water, and you're ready for bed.

★ The Photographer SAID 'This shot should be a winner!'

★ But he MEANT 'Gosh she won't like this 'candid' shot of her blotchy complexion!'

You'll be lovely "close-up" once you clear away skin faults with

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

A lovely skin . . . smooth, free from all blemishes or blackheads . . . Yes, constant care with Rexona Medicated Soap can make your skin delicately beautiful. Rexona, specially medicated with Cadyl, eases out embedded makeup and deep-down dirt — gently soothes away blotchiness and roughness. Keep *your* skin clear, lovely as a rose-petal, with daily Rexona care.

• REXONA CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate —all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

K.68.26

PAINS AFTER EATING?

Then Try This!

Take one teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in a little water, then . . . **relief!** Mark how quickly pain and discomfort are eased. Usually one dose is sufficient to relieve after-meal pains, especially when they arise from conditions of excess stomach acidity *(hyperacidity)*. When food lies like lead on your stomach, let this grand remedy get to work for a while and then see how much easier you feel.

Yes, De Witt's Antacid Powder does relieve indigestion quickly, but it does more than that. Excessive stomach acidity—the cause of pain—is neutralised so that your food can be comfortably digested. Then, the irritated stomach is soothed and protected, and your next meal will not be an extra burden on an already upset digestive system. But to make certain, a timely dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder before you eat and all should be well.

Always have a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder in the house, ready for use the moment it is needed. After all, if pain is avoidable the sensible thing is to avoid it. So let De Witt's Antacid Powder take the pain out of eating for you.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid
Soothes the Stomach
Relieves Pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6

My hands?

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Outdoor Christmas

● Make light work of holiday meals by serving traditional Christmas dishes cold instead of hot.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PREPARE the Christmas meats and chilled sweets on Christmas Eve and have a happy Christmas Day free from hot work in the kitchen. The traditional Christmas meats, poultry and ham, are just as good cold as hot.

A chilled Christmas pudding, plump with fruit and flavored with brandy, is just as delicious as the hot fruity concoction.

Colorful garden surroundings heighten the party atmosphere and make a pleasant change from the more formal indoor setting.

POULTRY SEASONING

Three cups soft white breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, grate of nutmeg, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons finely diced fat ham, ½ teaspoon fine dry herbs, 1 dessertspoon diced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 egg-yolk.

Combine all dry ingredients, bind with melted margarine or butter and egg-yolk. A little milk may be added if necessary, but seasoning should not be too moist.

Any seasoning left after stuffing bird may be shaped into balls, crumbed and fried. These seasoning balls are delicious served with cold poultry.

ROAST CHICKEN

One 3½ to 4lb. chicken, 2½ cups poultry seasoning, 2 or 3 slices bacon.

Rinse bird well under running tap, pat dry with clean cloth. Fill with seasoning, truss. Place in covered saucepan with 1½ cups water, steam 1 hour. Take a piece of strong brown paper, grease well on both sides. Place fowl on paper, cover breast of bird with bacon slices. Wrap into a parcel. Place on rack in uncovered baking dish with ½in. melted fat in bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F.) 1½ to 1¾ hours. Paper wrapping may be removed for last half-hour of cooking to complete browning. Serve hot or cold.

BOILED HAM

Soak heavily salted ham 12 hours. Scrub rind, rinse well. Place in large saucepan, add boiling water to cover, 1 clove-stuck onion, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, bunch of herbs. Simmer very slowly, keeping water just below boiling point so that only an occasional bubble rises to the surface. Allow 20 to 30 minutes per pound. Allow about 5 hours for a 12lb. ham, 6 hours for a 14 or 15lb. ham. Cool in liquid. Peel off rind, coat with browned breadcrumbs, stick with cloves.

A GOOD IDEA for Christmas Day is cold dinner served buffet style in the most colorful corner of the garden. The dishes shown here are jointed chicken and sliced ham with salad, mayonnaise, and rolled bread; fruit salad in a pineapple case and ice-cream (brought out at the last minute). Iced coffee, nuts, and crystallised fruit complete the menu.

CHICKEN IN ASPIC

Truss a 5lb. bird as for roasting. Place breast side up on wire rack in large saucepan. Add boiling water (sufficient to keep a steady volume of steam for 2 or 3 hours), 1 sliced onion, a thin piece of lemon rind, a few sprigs of parsley and mint, and 1 sage leaf. Cook until tender, 2 to 3 hours.

Allow to cool, dice flesh finely. Soften 1 level dessertspoon gelatine in 4 tablespoons strained liquid from saucepan. Simmer 2 cups of the liquid 10 minutes with 1 piece of carrot, few celery leaves, and sprig of parsley. Strain, color with caramel. Add salt to taste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and softened gelatine. Set a thin layer on the bottom of a large wetted mould (or individual moulds), arrange a pattern of cooked peas and sliced hard-boiled egg. Add a trickle of jelly, allow to set. Combine chicken and remaining jelly, season to taste. Fill into mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with salad vegetables.

MOCK HAM

Choose a plump leg of lamb and have the butcher pump it well with brine solution. Soak 1 hour in cold water, wipe dry. Rub well with a cut lemon, then smear lightly with mixed mustard. Roll 1lb. scone dough to good 1in. thickness. Mould round leg. Place in thickly greased baking dish in moderate oven (325deg. F.). Bake 4 to 4½ hours. Remove scone mixture, brush leg with melted butter and coat with browned crumbs. Stick with cloves if liked. Allow to become quite cold before serving in thin slices.

FRUIT SALAD CHIFFON

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 cups fruit salad (diced peaches, apricots, banana, a little shredded, cooked pineapple, pulp of 1 or 2 passionfruit).

Soak gelatine in cold water. Place half the sugar into a small saucepan with lemon juice and egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Cool slightly. Stir in gelatine and fruit rinds. Fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with balance of sugar. Lastly add fruit salad. Pile roughly in serving dish, chill until set. Serve with sweet finger biscuits.

CHILLED CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Two dessertspoons gelatine, softened in ½ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ¾ pint milk, 2 tablespoons finely minced peel, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup figs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, ½ cup diced cooked fruit (pitted cherries, apricots, or peaches), 1 tablespoon brandy.

Blend cocoa with milk, bring slowly to boil. Add peel, raisins, figs, and sugar. Simmer 5 minutes. Cool, add coffee, fruit, brandy, and softened gelatine. Pour into wetted mould. When partly set, well-washed threepences may be pressed into mixture if desired. Chill until set. Serve with ice-cream or hard sauce.

No other food beverage is as good as * OVALTINE * — Delicious * OVALTINE * is made from Malt, Milk and new-laid Eggs.

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HAVING A TURKEY this Christmas? Well, here are some cooking hints. Keep the bird covered with thickly greased brown paper during cooking time; baste with hot fat every 30 minutes. Allow 25 minutes to the pound for an 8lb. to 10lb. bird, 20 minutes for a 10 to 16 pounder. Serve with rich, brown gravy made from giblet stock.

Readers win cash prizes

Angel Puff Dessert . . .

● Angel puff is a sweet you'll be pleased to serve during the festive season, and later.

CRYSTALLISED cherries or ginger may be substituted for the mixed peel in the recipe. If it is to be eaten cold with ice-cream try flavoring the meringue with almond essence.

Have you a favorite recipe to share with other readers?

Write it clearly in ink, remembering to include name and address on each page, and send it to this office. You may be the winner of a cash prize.

ANGEL PUFF

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 dessertspoon finely minced peel, ½ cup finely chopped nuts, few drops vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt. Add sugar gradually, and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Fold in fruit, nuts and flavorings, mixing thoroughly. Turn into well-greased, seven-inch sandwich-tin or shallow cake-tin. Stand in a dish of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) approximately 1 hour. Mixture will be crisp on the outside, and soft and moist within. Serve hot or cold with cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Close, 1 Durrant St., N. Brighton S5, Vic.

HOT MULBERRY PUDDING

FRUIT MIXTURE: Three cups ripe mulberries, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

SPONGE MIXTURE: One tablespoon margarine or butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, 2 egg-whites.

Wash mulberries thoroughly, drain, add sugar, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Grease 6 or 8 moulds or one large pudding mould. Spoon mulberries into bottom of prepared moulds. Cream shortening, sugar, and lemon rind. Add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into moulds on top of mulberries. Cover with greased paper, steam 25 to 30 minutes in small moulds, 1 to 1½ hours in large mould. Serve hot with clear lemon sauce or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Goldsworthy, 245 Kelvin Grove Rd., Kelvin Grove, Qld.

APPLE AND LEMON CHEESE PUDDING

Two cups stewed apple pulp, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs or cake crumbs, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup lemon cheese, 1 extra tablespoon sugar.

Place apple pulp into greased ovenware dish, cover with crumbs. Add egg-yolk beaten with sugar and milk. Bake in slow oven (325deg. F.) until set. Allow to cool. Spread top thickly with lemon cheese. Beat egg-white stiffly with pinch salt, add sugar, and beat to meringue consistency. Spread roughly over lemon cheese. Return to slow oven until meringue is lightly browned. Serve well chilled with cream, custard, or jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. O'Sullivan, 91 Leichhardt St., Brisbane.

LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

Half-pound ripe tomatoes, 1 level dessertspoon fat, 1 small onion, ½ cup diced bacon, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 cups cooked broad beans, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Dip tomatoes into boiling water, remove skins, chop. Melt fat, add diced onion and bacon, fry until onion is tender and bacon crisp. Add tomatoes. Place in greased casserole alternately with cooked broad beans. Season with salt and cayenne. Add beaten egg and milk, top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until set and lightly browned on top, 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot with toast fingers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Barclay, 174 West St., Umina, N.S.W.

MEAL PLANNING

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IN providing meals for a young family you must realise that merely to satisfy their hunger is not sufficient.

Sweet and starchy foods will do this to the exclusion of important "protective" foods needed for growth and nutrition.

Remember that the cheapest parts of the meat (such as lamb's shanks boiled and served with parsley sauce) are often of more food value than the dearer cuts.

It is false economy to cut down on milk, as sixpence worth of milk has more food value than sixpence worth of any other food.

Skimmed milk, often wasted, is a valuable food when some other fat is used with it.

A leaflet giving hints on planning nutritious meals economically may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded with the request.

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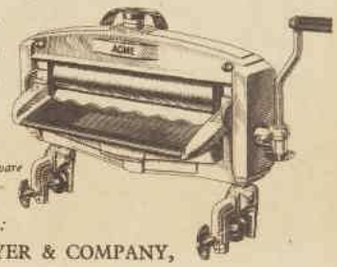

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